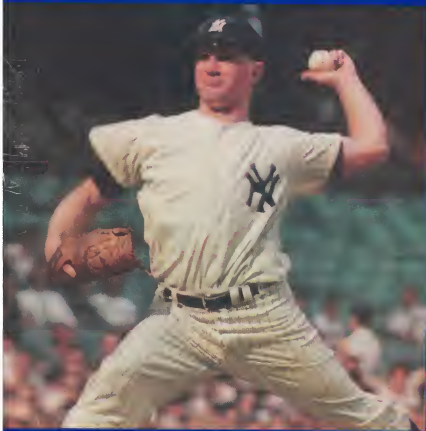


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 30, 1963 25 CENTS

THE SERIES: A VOTE FOR THE LEFT



*Whitey Ford, a Series legend, and spectacular young
Al Downing offer new double trouble for Yankee foes*



Thunderbird for 1964

There is a completely new Thunderbird for 1964.

New styling sets the Thunderbird mood, a look inside reveals how Thunderbird maintains it. You are surrounded by advances that make even Thunderbird veterans sigh. The new contoured "shell" front seats cradle you luxuriously. The rear seats are joined in one sweeping line . . . "coved" for Thunderbird comfort. Instruments are positioned and lighted for flight-deck clarity.

The unique Silent Flo ventilation system *pulls* fresh air through the car, even with the windows closed.

Other thoughtful details include direction-tight indicators on the tips of the front fenders . . . a padded hub for the standard Swing-Away steering wheel . . . a new towing-size luggage compartment.

When you are ready to drive you will discover the new refinements in Thunderbird's smooth, silent ride; the new perfection in the authority of its standard 300 horsepower V-8. Absolute control is at your command as Thunderbird unwinds and softens every road.

This Thunderbird is more Thunderbird than ever, more dedicated to the unique pleasure of Thunderbird travel. Everybody should discover *that* for himself. Your Ford dealer has a 1964 Thunderbird waiting for you.



unique in all the world



Bird's-eye view of utter luxury in four—the Thunderbird cockpit. (Notice the coved rear seats, the shell-designed front seats, front and rear padded armrests.)



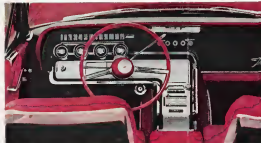
Exclusive new Silent Flo ventilation system actually *pulls* air through the car.



Optional reclining seat makes long trips more restful.



Thunderbird seat design allows passenger more rear footroom; more knee room.



Swing-Away steering wheel welcomes you to Thunderbird's new flight deck.



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so beautifully different!*





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you wear the Ban-Lon® Butterknit™
by Esquire Socks?**

“What kind of name is Butterknit?”



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Next week

ON ANTICOSTI ISLAND a Frenchman named Menter set free 100 pairs of deer in the last years of the 19th century. Today Anticosti affords the best deer hunting in North America.

AN AULD GHOST haunts the Scottish farm of Jim Clark, the youngest Grand Prix world champion ever, but Kenneth Rudeen reports that it frightens him even less than fast driving.

OKLAHOMA, climbing again to the top of college football ranks, meets strong Southern Cal. Dan Jenkins summarizes Bud Wilkinson's Sooners in the big game of their big comeback.



It takes more than athletes to run the Olympics!

A BURROUGHS B 5000 INFORMATION PROCESSING SYSTEM will soon roll up its electronic sleeves and take on a task the likes of which no computer has ever tackled before. The occasion? When Detroit gets the nod next month to host the 1968 Olympic Games.

The B 5000 System will be involved in a five-year job calling for the coordination of hundreds of thousands of details. Under the direction of the Detroit Olympic Committee and hundreds of dedicated people, it will provide invaluable electronic help in: Setting up and running a fund-raising organization. Planning all the Olympic events. Constructing new facilities. Allocating housing for thousands of Olympic athletes from every part of the world. Accommodating spectators. Planning new transportation and traffic flow. The work!

Using a concept called Burroughs PERT*, the B 5000 will help the Committee determine and control all target dates, and the allocation of time, money and manpower for all projects.

In short, the 1968 Olympics will be the first electronically coordinated event in the history of the games. And will run . . . in every respect.

*Burroughs Program Evaluation and Review Technique, adapted by the Burroughs Management Science Department from techniques used by government and industry in solving highly complex scheduling problems.



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DETROIT 15

The fan-jet climb: 30% faster than ordinary jets.

The American Airlines fan-jet story

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38 seconds after take off, ordinary jet is only this high.



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So if you want to be sure of a fan-jet, the plane to get is an Astrojet.

First came the razor blade... then came back-and-forth electric shavers

Now
the third way
to shave...
Norelco with rotary blades!



NEW NORELCO CORDLESS SPEEDSHAVER 20C

Norelco rotary blades stroke off whiskers
(most comfortable way to shave close and clean)

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Norelco rotary blades whirl round at an incredible 3500 revolutions per minute. They never change direction. They *stroke* off whiskers so gently your face actually feels *soothed*! So why chance scraping, nicking, pinching or pulling?

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See the popular new Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver (right)... latest model of the world's largest seller. Also the luxurious Norelco Speedshaver with the new

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For the ladies, there's the new Lady Norelco. Its hidden rotary blades gently whisk away hair with no razor cuts. Charming and practical gift for her.

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See your Norelco dealer today... and discover the comfort of the *third* way to shave.

Norelco



Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver® 20. Newest model of world's largest seller. Rotary blades. Popular price. 'Flip-top' cleaning. 110v. only (AC/DC). Handsome travel case.

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Executive Director on set Vincent Mirabile, Excello, Inc.

ab

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This Goodyear tire with Tufsyn rubber looks

26,084 miles. And not just ordinary miles.

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Tufsyn rubber is in the tread—and Tufsyn's in the body. It



almost new. It has actually gone 26,084 miles.

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1987 on the Atlantic
1987 on the Pacific
1987 in Latin America
1987 "round the World"

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SCORECARD

ALL'S WELL, AND ALL THAT

One of the good shocks that come from shocking reports about scandal in sport is the discovery that there was no need for early shock at all. This week the good shock concerned Charlie Conerly, one of the great quarterbacks of professional football, famous and retired. He does not appreciate its beauty.

The National Football League looked into reports that Charlie had been intimately involved in the financial affairs of a professional gambler. The league, through Jim Hamilton, its new guardian of morals, found he had been. But it found him innocent, too, which is what he was.

Conerly had been a good and not too perceptive friend of Maurice I. Lewis, a Memphis real-estate developer who now is accused of being a bookmaker. Charlie had received checks totaling \$9,575 from Lewis. The whole thing burst into newspaper while Conerly, a poor but persistent shot, was dove hunting. His articulate and charming wife, Perian, broke into an attractive sweat and started poking through canceled checks. She established that Charlie had been lending Lewis, member of a respectable Memphis family, thousands of dollars and that Lewis had been paying back promptly. It looked like an innocent series of transactions between friends, except that Perian could not account for \$3,500 Charlie had received from Lewis.

Charlie came back with three miserable doves in his bag and with Jim Hamilton, onetime technical adviser to the TV show, *Dragnet*, about to descend on his bank account. "That \$3,500?" he asked numbly, in the familiar manner of a husband accused. "Oh. That came from the Cadillac he sold for me." It was the Cadillac reverent fans had given him on Charlie Conerly Day in 1959.

Few in Memphis, it seems, and least of all Charlie Conerly, knew that the very respectable Lewis had been charged with operating in a downtown apartment as a small-time bookmaker.

"We're not too sharp on this business bit," Perian said. What Charlie had been

guilty of, one guesses, was that, like many another man, he had trusted an affable fellow.

END OF A BRIEF ERA

Professional tennis is approaching another crisis. Tony Trabert, director of promotion and programming, is quitting the game to go into business as of November 1. Some of the lower-flight players, unhappy because they cannot maintain a competitive edge on a mere two or three months of play (topflight players get 10 or 11 months) are quitting after they complete assigned schedules. These include Malcolm Anderson and Michael Davies. Barry MacKay, a graduate economist who had always planned to enter business early, is also retiring. And, of course, with the suspensions at the season's middle of those aging greats, Pancho Gonzalez and Pancho Segura, the attractiveness of the pros was greatly diminished.

Jack Kramer, pressing on against the storm, says these developments can be remedied by new signings—with Chuck McKinley, Rafael Osuna and Manuel Santana as obvious targets. Players of their caliber are likely to demand guarantees equal to those given their predecessors, if only out of pride. And destruction may once again be what pride goeth before.

FALSE ECONOMY, PERHAPS?

One of the best indoor athletic facilities in the country is the fine and fancy Sports Arena in Los Angeles. Only 4 years old, it seats more than 15,000 in clean, roomy, pastel comfort, and that is about how many basketball fans showed up when the L.A. Lakers played their biggest games there last season. Now the Lakers have told the city they will not play in the Sports Arena after this season. Their complaint—one common to us all—is that the rent is too high. It is risky to tell a man how much rent he can afford, but before the Lakers actually move to an inferior arena they should be reminded that pro basketball has been a long time trying to get out

of just the kind of places the Lakers now talk of moving into. A certain amount of their great drawing power can be attributed to the fact that the Sports Arena is the kind of place in which it is an esthetic pleasure to attend an athletic event. The NBA has been glad to be able to show off its teams in such a place—as it has at Convention Hall in Detroit, and as it now will at the gleaming Civic Center in Baltimore. The Lakers may be right to worry about the rent, but they must also consider the prestige of their team and their league.

DOG WITH A JOB

For the past couple of seasons a regular attendant at Brown University football practice has been an officious, flop-eared, black-and-tan hound dog who says his name is Sam. He turns up at the start of each season, disappears at the end. He ignores the soccer and lacrosse teams, which work out in the same general area, and stays exclusively with the football squad. Not only that, he stays exclusively with the first team. Sam can't abide second- and third-string players.

"Any player who is looking seems to bother Sam," according to Coach John McLaughry. "He runs up and down the



line and yips at them. At first, we tried to run him off, but he wouldn't go. Finally, we gave up and let him go his own way. He's no trouble. Never gets in the way of a runner."

After practice Sam barks the first team up to the locker room and goes inside with the players. A photographer wanted to get a picture of him the other day, but arrived after Sam was through running the first team. The photographer

continued

It's a pleasure

Dial and water. Helps you face the whole day without a worry.
Because Dial, with AT-7, removes skin bacteria that cause
perspiration odor. That's why people who like people use Dial.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap?



(don't you wish everybody did?)

decided, therefore, to picture him against a background of second-team players. Sam refused to pose.

"We think," McLaughry says, "that he's the reincarnation of some old football coach."

IMAGE RECAPTURED

Throughout most of his abruptly abandoned tour of Britain, Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston chose to show that he can, on occasion, be a fellow of charm and grace—so much so, indeed, that before long British sportswriters were finding him a truly lovable person. "The image of a soul-less, baleful-eyed destroyer that preceded him across the Atlantic is a grotesque misfit," wrote Hugh McIlvanney in *The Observer*, where he also reported on Sonny's "smiling good nature and sincere sentimentality."

Well, Sonny is back in the U.S. and back in his old image. Stepping off the plane in Denver, he declared himself "ashamed to be an American," an apparent reference to Birmingham's fatal church bombing, which shamed many another American. In Britain, he left behind a trail of broken contracts, angry promoters and shocked sportswriters. After sellout appearances at Wembley, Glasgow and Newcastle-upon-Tyne and good business in Belfast, Sonny was headed for another sellout at Leicester when something, and no one seems to know what, went wrong. He refused to fly to Leicester, thus arriving too late for a weigh-in and causing doubt that he would appear for the exhibition. Refunds are still being mailed out. At any rate, Liston huffed back to London, after a nightclub row with a boxing inspector, and so to America.

One suspicion was that Sonny was getting increasingly restless about the way his money was being handled. It was not physically passing through his hands, but was being sent directly to the U.S. If so, this form of protest seemed unwise, since he forfeited at least \$22,400 by canceling his last three engagements.

Now the British Board of Boxing Control is investigating the unfulfilled contracts, and Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks has abandoned a plan to model Sonny—even with feet of Clay.

ONE WORD - 10,000 PICTURES

Aficionados of pith have a special affection for Willie McCovey, San Francisco

outfielder and first baseman. His classic, "The peanut shells get in my eyes," tells as much about windy Candlestick Park and the diet of baseball fans as anyone needs to know.

A reporter telephoned him one recent early morning.

"Hello," said Willie.

"Did I wake you, Willie?"

"Some."

THE APPLE SPEAKS

World peace and order would be assured, a matriarch from the world of sport said the other day, if the United Nations operated in the spirit of the international women's field hockey tournament, which ended in Baltimore last week. The matriarch was Miss Constance Applebee, the English lady who introduced women's hockey to the U.S. in 1901 and has nurtured it singlemindedly ever since. "The Apple," as Miss Applebee is known, came down to watch the Baltimore matches from her hockey camp in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains, and she thoroughly approved of the no-count proceedings.

"The marvelous thing about this tournament is that there are no champions," she said, and most hockey players agree with Miss Applebee that championships bring headlines, pressure, commercialization, feuds, politics, subsidization and many other headaches.

"It is not the winners, but the friendliness and keen competition that characterize hockey," Miss Applebee said firmly. "It is almost the only amateur sport left. And don't forget physical fitness," she went on, ticking off the qualities she feels hockey brings out in women: strong nerves, will power, determination, endurance. She hardly needed to mention them, though, for The Apple herself, hale and alert at 90, is testimony enough.

Yet who did win, you might still ask, for like contests all over, someone did keep unofficial tally of the six games played by each of the 16 competing countries. The Apple has sold us, though, and we won't tell.

THE INEXTRICABLES

A high percentage of injuries occur in the National Hockey League during a season. Players skate at speeds up to 25 mph and fire a puck at upward of 90 mph. Hooking, spearing and butt-ending are commonplace in professional hockey. Even the hockey player's unpardonable sin—kicking an opponent's skates from beneath him—is far from

unknown. It is no surprise then, that of the 100-plus players in the NHL, only 22 completed the full 70-game schedule last season.

One of these was Andy Hebenton, 33-year-old right wing, now of the Boston Bruins. It was not too much of a surprise, since Andy had done the same the season before and, indeed, has not missed a game in 11 professional seasons, eight of them in the NHL. He has played 560 consecutive regular NHL-season games. When the season opens next month, a lot of fans will be rooting for him to break the league's iron-man record of 580 games held by Johnny Wilson (Detroit-Chicago-Toronto-New York). On December 1st, let us say.

WHISPERING HOPE

As their season draws to an inglorious end, the New York Mets and their hardy fans may be comforted to know that there is hope even now for a better tomorrow. At Raleigh, N.C., two right-handed pitchers owned by the Mets finished first and second in earned run averages in the Carolina League. Sherman Jones had a 2.10 ERA, the league's best, and a record of 12 victories and six losses. Bob Moorhead followed with a 2.19 average and a 13-5 won-lost record.

Not only that, both pitchers toiled under Met-like conditions. Raleigh finished ninth in a 10-team race.

THEY SAID IT

- Murray Warmath, Minnesota football coach who lost 10 starters by graduation and saw three promising sophomores quit after a few days of practice: "They didn't quit because they thought they wouldn't play. I think they may have quit because they knew they would play."

- Fred Hutchinson, Cincinnati manager: "Baseball should make some changes. An interleague schedule should be the first."

- Joe Froh, Rice end, on what department of football he's best at: "None, I guess. All recessive genes, no dominant characteristics."

- Bob Devaney, Nebraska football coach, on the new substitution rules: "Now we have to assign a coach getting \$10,000 a year just to handle the substitutions."

- Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees, after they had cinched the pennant: "When we won with Stengel in 1949, I got 292 congratulatory telegrams. This year I got six."

END



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SETTLED OUT OF



JAY B. LEVITON

BEAR BRYANT: "I've never given this squad special reasons for winning this game. I'd be happy if we win by a point!"

COURT

Bear Bryant's Alabama team, in an almost exact reenactment of the 1962 game that led to a celebrated libel suit, again proved it was far superior to Johnny Griffith's University of Georgia Bulldogs



JOHNNY GRIFFITH: "100%, won't do it. I'd take 110, but whatever happens you're the finest group I have ever coached."



CONTINUED

A NAIL-BITING DAY IN ATHENS

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

There is a limp in the walk of Johnny Griffith, coach of the University of Georgia football team, and his daughter, Susan, has taken to calling him "Chester" to give the limp some class. In facial conformation, however, Griffith is more a lumpy-nosed Richard Burton type. The limp is permanent. The limp is temporary. An earnest Bulldog

guard pulled out of the line to lead a sweep during fall practice at Tallulah Falls two weeks ago and ran down the first man in his way. The man was Coach Griffith. "I jumped up quick and told him Good Job and not to let anybody stand in his way again," said Griffith. "I didn't want him to think I was hurt." Griffith's knee will

be operated on when the season is over.

The season began for Griffith in Athens Ga., last week. Some quick thinkers in Athens, known around Publicist Dan Magill's office as the "Op'pulsition Pahty," would have you believe it also ended then for Griffith, because he has started each of his three seasons as Georgia head coach in an equivalent manner: losing to Alabama by wide margins. This time it was 32-7. The hurt for Johnny was on the scoreboard, which he could not jump up to hide. But the persistence of his Bulldogs—they led once and were not out of the running until the fourth quarter—would have been gratifying had it not been that the game had taken on all the wholesome, festive, collegiate qualities of a day at divorce court.

Not fully knowing what to expect, except that whatever it was it had to be dramatic, since this is the game that started the trouble a year ago, 44,000 people jammed Sanford Stadium, unanimous in their conviction that if one found it impossible to say anything good about Johnny Griffith, then by all means say something bad. Not necessarily in order of importance, one could also say something bad about Bear Bryant, the Alabama coach, or Wally Butts, or Dr. O.C. Aderhold, the Georgia president, or the Georgia athletic board, the State Board of Regents or the governor of the state.

Trying to separate the facts from the factions in Athens is like trying to fish the walnuts from the Waldoef salad; but among those who are trying to bring reason and harmony back to the campus, the libel trial of ex-Coach and ex-Athletic Director Wally Butts vs. *The Saturday Evening Post* is something to be talked about—but not much. Those in town who are stout Butts defenders and who feel he was treated shoddily by the athletic board and the university president, and without due loyalty by Griffith, speak out openly, asking, please, that they not be quoted. The ardor of the "Op'pulsition Pahty," convinced that *The Post* was no more irresponsible than some of the home folks, has nevertheless



Alabama Quarterback Joe Namath, who was not enjoying his last day as a passer, shows he can run as he picks up yardage on option.

diminished since the first days after the trial and Butts's \$3,060,000 victory.

At that time, Cliff Kamsay Jr., a Cornelia, Ga., banker and former Georgia quarterback, asked for the resignation of athletic board members who testified against Butts. Dr. Adershold's resignation was demanded by an influential alumnus from Columbus, Ga., and one former student threw prestige to the winds and sent back his diploma. But within days the tide of opinion-by-mail turned sharply in the university's favor. "It takes a mind with a lot of narrow in it to fault Dr. Adershold," said one graduate, "when enrollment is at an alltime high and all round the campus great new buildings are going up, including a \$4½ million Coliseum for the Georgia basketball team that hasn't had a winning season in 12 years."

Most typical of the sympathetic middle is Bob Poss, ex-Bulldog lineman, who is the spitting image of the young Orson Welles and thanks you kindly when you recognize it. Poss owns a thriving barbecue stand on the edge of Athens and wholesales Georgia hush and Brunswick stew around the South. "He's also in charge of our obsessions," said a friend. "He sells the Cokes and hot dogs at the stadium."

Poss says the only thing he is obsessed with is the good of the University of Georgia. "People don't understand how I can be for both sides," he says, "but I'm for Johnny, and I'm for Wally, no matter who eats my stew—both sides do anyway. I think Johnny made a big mistake when he didn't throw those notes away the minute he saw 'em [the notes George Burnett took on an alleged telephone conversation between Butts and Bryant before the 1962 game, which was won by Alabama, 35-0], but it's all over now. I'm for forgetting it and beating Alabama; I'm for Wally; I'm for Johnny, I'm for the Red and Black."

Almost the entire legal cast was at the game. Butts arrived in Athens from Miami, where he said he and his wife, Winnie, had been "hiding out" for a week on Lindsey Hopkins' yacht. (While a *Post* appeal is pending, Butts's interest on the \$3,060,000 accrues at \$587 a day.) He had caught two bonafide, but had been unsuccessful at acquiring a tan. "I got pretty red is all," he said,

Harry Mehre, a former Georgia coach who is now a columnist for *The Atlanta Journal*, spent two hours with Butts on Friday and was chagrined that "he just wasn't the old Wally I knew. The strain of this thing shows heavily on him."

Butts's arrival caused no great commotion at the game. He sat on the south side in seats donated by the university. "Very nice of them," he said. He pulled for Georgia, he said, but tried to be reasonably quiet about it, being in dignified company. "I still caught myself cheering and whoopin' every now and then." He

said he was impressed with Georgia's effort, that it was a "team that will improve and win a few—but you understand I'm not trying to put anybody on the spot."

Already on the spot, and knowing it and used to it after three years as Butts's unsuccessful successor, is Griffith. He is a likable man, is eager to please and has enjoyed the support of people who count; but he will be the sacrifice if Georgia has its third straight losing season. Most of the residual bitterness from the Butts faction is directed at him, un-

continued



Georgia Quarterback Larry Rikestraw, passing here behind good protection, was rushed hard, often threw quickly over heads of receivers.

fairly but unceasingly. Clegg Stark, the 65-year-old Negro equipment man who has been at Georgia for 50 years, came to him and shook his hand the day before the game and said, "Coach, you've got the toughest job in America. Tougher even than the President."

That afternoon Griffith drove a visitor across the campus, pointing out the building projects and the landmarks with the pride of a man who owned it all. "I love it here," he said quietly. "The school is great—the people, the town. It's been home for eight years. We built a Georgian colonial on two acres we pumped out of the swamp, and the family is really crazy about it. But if things don't work out I'll know it, and I'll be ready for whatever happens. That's coaching. I thought of quitting when all this came up last March, but I said to myself, 'No, that's the easy way.' I'm not going to get used to taking the easy way."

Later, at The Athens Country Club, he ate what he said was his first enjoyable meal in a month. "I may look relaxed on the outside, but inside I'm biting my nails." Did he sleep well? "Yes, sure," he said. He dug in his pocket to produce two red pills. "Thanks to my friends."

It was predicted in a Jacksonville paper that the Georgia players would not even report to practice for Griffith this fall, but they did, in excellent condition to a man, and he took them to a secluded YMCA camp on a lake 72 miles north of Athens in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There, in two weeks, he effected a remarkable change in squad morale. "We didn't talk about the trial or anything—just about football and Alabama, and we worked," said the captain, Billy Knowles, a halfback. "We didn't even go to the movies one night when we had the chance. We were all out to show somebody."

Griffith came back refreshed and was even able to endure five straight days of country-fried steak, English peas and

banana pudding at Athens civic club luncheons. But he was pleased because not once had the "incident" been brought up. "They're gonna give him a chance," said one writer, "—his last."

Bear Bryant and the Alabama team arrived in Athens the day before the game. In the news that morning was a story about a bear that had tangled with a speeding sports car on a Michigan highway. "The car," said the story, "was wrecked." Bryant was not responsible for this object lesson, being occupied at the time by an assortment of pills he had carried along to fight a heavy cold and by sportswriters who wanted to talk about things he did not. "Indelicacy," he grumbled. "This game is no different than any other first game to me, except I'm less confident than usual." Someone said that if he got the chance, Bryant would run up the highest score in Southeastern Conference history, his own special kind of vengeance, but he told Mehre "in strict confidence" that he would be delighted

Leaping to revive spirit at Georgia, Head Cheerleader Linda Jo Clements (second from right) directs a yell for Bulldogs at pregame pep rally.



if Alabama beat Georgia by one point.

Georgia's head cheerleader, Linda Jo Clements, watched Alabama work out on Friday and whispered to a friend: "They don't look so big to me." She smiled. "I just love to be optimistic." Linda Jo said spirit had been hard to come by at Georgia lately, but that she was helping lead a conspiracy to bring some back. Publicist Magill, who triples as tennis coach and Bulldog Club secretary and grows luscious grapes in his spare time, pursuing the same goal, quickly called for "the biggest welcome the Big Red team has ever had when it comes on the field Saturday."

The welcome was big, all right, and reasonably unanimous. It was especially welcoming—and loud—when Georgia recovered an Alabama fumble on the first series of plays and punched off 26 yards as though it were nothing to get on the scoreboard first. After that, until the fourth quarter, the Bulldogs played defense in the best tradition of bulldogs and just about held their own. But

Quarterback Joe Namath caught a Georgia sidekick following the wrong man and tied the score with a 47-yard touchdown pass down the middle, and a field goal put Alabama ahead at half time, 10-7. In the third quarter Mike Fracchia, running strong again after a year's absence for knee surgery, powered five yards to score. The rest was easier, and Bryant substituted freely, apparently with no intention of running up points.

Unfortunate dupe of the go-ahead field goal and the clinching touchdown was the Georgia punter, Pete Dunson, described by *The Atlanta Banner-Herald* as "a student until he came out for the team at the start of fall practice." Ex-student Dunson fumbled a center snap to give Alabama the opportunity for its field goal and then sliced a punt 14 yards to set up Fracchia's touchdown.

"I suspect Georgia will use a little of the I formation, with a shift, since everybody's trying it now," suspected Bryant before the game. Griffith had planned to use the maneuver, but he was scared

off by an SEC official who watched the shift in practice and expressed the fear that it would get Georgia nothing but a motion penalty. It did not when Griffith finally ordered the shift used in the fourth quarter, but by then no surprises could have helped Georgia.

At the end, the difference between 1962 and 1963 showed clear Georgia improvement: 10 points in scoring (from 35-0 to 32-7) and a reduction of 165 yards (Alabama outgained Georgia by 348 yards in 1962, by 183 last week). Bryant could not resist one observation: "Georgia's not as good as I thought." Most thought Georgia better. "This is not," Griffith told his players, "the end of the world. We're going to win our share." There were tears in the Georgia dressing room, and one grim Georgia manager reported that an Alabama player had made off with the game ball. "He said it's traditional, but nuts to tradition," said the manager. "I doubledamntee you I'm gonna send them a ball." **END**

At game Governor Carl Sanders, a quarterback under Wally Butts, listens to Georgia's President Dr. O. C. Aderhold.



NOTHING STOPPED THE DODGERS

They'll blow the pennant again, cried the critics, but the heroes of Los Angeles, riding the strong left arms of Ron Perranoski (below), Sandy Koufax and John Podres, won like champions

by ROBERT CREAMER



ROBERT HANZVILLE

Now that it is all over and the Los Angeles Dodgers have won the National League pennant and have nothing more to worry about except beating the New York Yankees in the World Series, it is easy to forget that awful Sunday less than two weeks ago when the Dodgers lost the pennant in Philadelphia. With some effort, you may recall the details. A thousand miles to the west, the St. Louis Cardinals were winning their 10th straight game, their 19th out of 20. In Philadelphia the Dodgers were losing disgracefully. They had lost a game to the Phillies on Friday night when what should have been a game-ending double play turned into a nightmarish two-run error. Now, on Sunday, they made not one but a dozen bad plays, lost to the Phillies 6-1 and found their once-fat lead withered away to one miserable game. All over the country people were shouting across the street to one another: "Did you hear? The Dodgers lost! The Cards are only a game back!"

And then it was Monday, and there, with melodramatic perfection, were the folding Dodgers in St. Louis to play three games in a row with the flaming, blazing, red-hot, rampaging, wheeled-up, hell-for-leather, every-time-a-bull's-eye Cardinals. More than 60 sportswriters poured into town for the kill. Before the first game a caucus of them surrounded Walter Alston, the Dodger manager. "Do you think you're going to blow the pennant again?" asked one. Alston the Calm contained himself. With only a note of exasperation in his voice he replied, "We've won 13 of our last 19 games. Do you call that blowing it?"

"Well," said another, "what about that game yesterday in Philadelphia?"

"We have games like that every now and then," Alston said. "It's nothing to worry about."

No one believed him. No one ever seems to believe Walter Alston, possibly because what he says is obvious and reasonable. The Dodgers are not a good fielding team, and they have played embarrassingly inept games at times during the year. But their superb pitching—particularly by Sandy Koufax and Ron Perranoski, the best starter and the best reliever in baseball this year—and their ability to eke out at least one or two runs almost every game have quieted any panic caused by the abysmal fielding. When the San Francisco Giants made their last assault on Los Angeles

late in August, the Dodgers met the challenge head on, beat the Giants three games out of four and knocked them out of the pennant race. This was what Alston meant. He had his pitching lined up for the Cardinal series, and all his hitters and fielders were healthy and waiting. He was ready.

But no one believed him. Everyone was excited by the St. Louis pennant drive, and hardly anyone outside of Los Angeles wanted the Dodgers to win. Emotion insisted that the Dodgers were collapsing and that nothing could stop the Cardinals now. Critic told critic, "They're feeling it. You can't tell me the Dodgers don't remember last year." And critic agreed.

Who could forget last year?

Certainly the Dodgers remembered last year. How could they forget it? But what the critics failed to take into consideration was that the memory of defeat can stimulate as well as paralyze. The old slogans said, "Remember Pearl Harbor," "Remember the Maine," "Remember the Alamo." The Dodgers remembered 1962. Every game they played leading up to the Cardinal series was a flag waved at the specter of last year's disaster; every game they won was a measure of revenge. This time no one said, "We can play .500 ball the last three weeks and still take the pennant." This time they wanted to win every game, every last game.

And so they beat St. Louis three straight. They got the roaring Cardinals into a cold shower, sobered them up and turned them around. To paraphrase a line of Gertrude Stein, the Cardinals instead of going the way they were going went back the way they had come. The Dodgers bent them with pitching, speed and pride, and perhaps the third of these was most important because the three games were awfully close, and the Cardinals could well have won all of them. The first game was a 1-1 tie going into the ninth, the second was 1-0 going into the eighth and the third went 13 innings before the Dodgers won 6-5. The Cardinals pitched well and fielded well, they hit sharply and fought hard—but in the end their pitching gave way, their fielding broke down, their hitters did not come through.

The three games were marvelous affairs, collector's items, filled with unforgettable bits and pieces of baseball that

will be dug out and talked about for years. A few of these may serve to explain why the Dodgers beat the Cardinals and why they won the pennant. In the first game both starting pitchers were taken out after eight innings with the score tied 1-1. The Cardinals used Bobby Shantz and Ron Taylor in relief in the ninth; a double, a single, two walks and an error on a double-play ball gave the Dodgers two runs. The Dodgers used Perranoski in the ninth; the Cardinals went down one, two, three, and the game was over. Score one point for superior relief pitching.

Maury Wills opened the second game with a single to center, stole second, went to third on a wild pitch and scored when Jim Gilliam doubled to left. In the third Sandy Koufax hit one batter with a pitch and threw the following sacrifice bunt into right field to give the Cardinals men on second and third with one out. The next batter grounded to short, and the runner from third was thrown out at the plate. The next man grounded out, too, to end the inning, and Koufax went on to pitch a shutout. Score three points for the Dodgers: one for speed, one for clutch fielding, one for Sandy Koufax.

In the third game the Dodgers were behind 5-1, but they tied the score with three runs in the eighth and another in the ninth on a home run by an unknown rookie named Dick Nen. Score a point for guts and another for luck. In the 10th Dick Groat opened with a triple, but the Cardinals were unable to score off Perranoski, who pitched six shutout innings in relief as he waited patiently for the Dodgers to win the game in the 13th. Perranoski faced 23 men in all. Three had base hits, and two were walked intentionally after Groat's triple. Of the other 18, three struck out, three hit fly balls and 12 hit grounders to the infield. Score another very large point for Ron Perranoski.

Score a point for Willie Davis, who had seven hits and three stolen bases in the three games. Give something to Frank Howard, who hit a big home run, and John Podres, who might have had a shutout, too, if Sean Musial had not hit a valedictory home run.

And give a point to the manager, who placidly proved he was right. He did not blow the pennant, and his players did not choke. The Los Angeles Dodgers won like champions.

CONTINUED

WHO WILL WIN THE WAR OF THE LEFTIES?



Nothing comes easy to the Dodgers. They do not score like the Yankees, or hit like the Yankees or field like the Yankees. The Dodgers are a team built around pitching and speed, but a team, too, that is built to play its best baseball in Dodger Stadium, where the base paths are as hard as slate and a pitcher never feels the cold, clammy outfield wall pressing against his back.

Granted, only one other team in the last 30 years—the wartime 1945 Detroit Tigers—ever scored as few runs as this Dodger team and still found itself in a World Series. But the Dodgers built their victories stone by stone, with a walk, a steal and a single, or a double, a bunt and a fly ball. Four runs are a lot of runs to score in Dodger Stadium, where the ball does not carry as far as in other parks and home run hitters face the disadvantage of fences 330 feet distant down both the left- and right-field foul lines. In left center and right center, these fences quickly fall away to 380 feet, a set of statistics guaranteed to diminish Yankee power. The Yankees have played in Dodger Stadium 18 times during the last two seasons, and in 11 of those games they were held to four runs or less by Angel pitching—and Angel pitching is related to Dodger pitching only in that both involve a baseball. The Yankees, who normally hit one home run every 29 times at bat, have

averaged only one homer every 56 times at bat in Chavez Ravine. Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle, the most famed slugger act since Ruth and Gehrig, have managed but one homer between them in 91 times up.

The Dodgers, with little reputation as a hitting team, being a .251 season average into the Series, compared to the Yankees' .252, and the lineup contains a scattering of power that will be dangerous in Yankee Stadium. Frank Howard can reach the seats anywhere, and Ron Fairly pulls the ball hard down that short right-field line. If Alston decides to play Moose Skowron at first base instead—well, Skowron hit 165 home runs in his nine years as a Yankee. John Roseboro and Wally Moon will be dangerous in the Stadium, and Roseboro his left-handers well.

But the big weapons for the Dodgers are speed and pitching. One of the fascinating aspects of this Series is this: How much can the Dodgers run against the Yankees, particularly Whitey Ford? Ford has an unsurpassed move to first base, and it is possible that he will be used three times should the Series go seven games. Maury Wills, who stole 104 bases last year, only began stealing late this season after recovering from injuries; he steals when everyone in the ball park knows he is going to steal—and gets away with it. Wills certainly will harass Ford, but Ford may also contain Wills. This battle is one that baseball fans have dreamed of for two years. With Wills on first and Ford



The Yankees are equipped with a brilliant infield, fine pitching, excellent power and three of the largest and most confusing uncertainties in their long, proud history. How sound, really, is Mickey Mantle? He can still hit a baseball, but can he now use his once blinding speed? When he bats right-handed against Koufax or Podres or Peralta and hits the ball on the ground, can he still outrun those close ones? Can his brittle legs stand the strain of all-out defensive play? If Mantle is at full speed—and even Yankee-batters must hope that he is—there is no better baseball player in the world. Then there is the question of Roger Maris. Almost unnoticed, Maris has had an excellent, if limited, year for the Yankees, hitting home runs at the rate of more than one every four hits. But Maris has been repeatedly sidelined with a bad back. Both Koufax and Podres have good changeup pitches, and when Maris, a severe pull hitter, tries to jerk the ball to right field, who can tell how that back will react? Finally, Switch Hitter Tom Tresh, the leading Yankee hitter against the Giants last year, has been harassed by an injury to his throwing hand, and it has made him a less effective batter when he bats from the right side of the plate. Although the Yankees maintain that the throwing ability of Tresh has not been impaired, no one will really know until the Dodgers try to run on him. Should anything happen to any one of these three outfielders, Hector Lopez and John Blanchard are capable replace-

ments, but Lopez in the past has been less than spectacular in the October shadows of Yankee Stadium, nor has he distinguished himself afield in Chavez Ravine. If Mantle, Maris and Tresh are in top shape the Yankees have the kind of power to worry even the Dodger pitchers. Being able to use all three in the outfield at the same time is also very important to New York defensively. Maris is a truly excellent right fielder in the Stadium, and Tresh has developed rapidly as a left fielder.

With the exception of the bullpen, the Yankee pitching staff is almost as good as that of the Dodgers; New York also is betting on left-handers (see cover). Whitey Ford is still Whitey Ford: cagey, cute and with a Series earned-run average of 2.31. And Al Downing, who was brought up from Richmond in June to win 13 games with a brilliant 2.39 ERA, has an exceptional fast ball. Downing, however, would appear to be vulnerable to the Dodger attack because of fielding inadequacies and a marked slowness in getting off the mound. The best Yankee right-hander is young Jim Bouton, a 20-game winner. Ralph Terry, who completed more games than any other member of the Yankee staff, has been less effective since midseason, and his history of giving up home runs in costly situations still stalks him. He may be used only in relief—which would help a Yankee bullpen that could use some help. Steve Hamilton is used primarily against left-handed hitters and excels at getting left-handers out. Hal Reniff is probably the most reliable member of the relief staff. His record of 4-3 is not overpowering, but he saved 17 games, the same

pitching, switch-hitting Jim Gilliam bats from the right side of the plate and, while he is not as effective from the right side as from the left, Junior still owns two of the best eyes in baseball. No one in the National League strikes out as infrequently. Gilliam is excellent at fouling off pitches with two strikes on him and, with Willis drawing throws at first base, Ford may spend a lot of energy on the top part

of the Dodger batting order. Willie Davis, the Dodger center fielder, just happens to have superior speed himself, and his batting average of .240 is deceptive. He can bunt and run, and if he pushes a bunt up the third-base line there are few pitchers who can come off the mound, pick up the ball, turn and throw to first base in time to catch him.

Roseboro can run. Tommy Davis is the leading hitter in the National League, and he can run as well as slug.

But for the Dodgers it will almost certainly come down to pitching. Like Ford, Sandy Koufax can work three games if needed, and Koufax is baseball's best pitcher. Johnny Podres, the old man of the Dodger pitching staff at 31, beat the Yankees the last two times that he pitched against them in a Series, and Podres is a "money pitcher" with a fine change-up. Ron Perranoski (16-3) has an earned run average of 1.73, and Alton likes to bring him on in late relief. Perranoski has given up only one homer to a left-handed hitter in 323 innings, and it is usually the Yankee left-handed hitters—the Berras, Blanchards, Marises, Kubebs and Peptones—who win games in the late innings. Don Drysdale, and Reliever Bob Miller (2.98 ERA) are very good Dodger right-handers, which is what right-handers must be against the Yankees. Pitching usually wins a Series, and the Dodgers certainly have that.

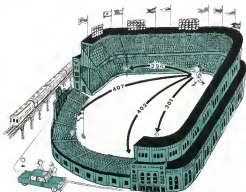
number as Perranoski. Marshall Bridges is usually wild, and Bill Kunkel has a tendency to give up big hits.

If the Dodger left-handers can contain Peptone in Yankee Stadium, the Yankee attack will suffer. Peptone is not supposed to be strong against lefties, but he hit 15 of his 25 homers in Yankee Stadium and six of them were against left-handers. Third Baseman Cleve Boyer can hit behind a runner better than anyone in the American League, and has power. Bobby Richardson might surprise the Dodgers with his speed, generally overlooked is his record this year of 15 steals in 16 attempts. Catcher Elston Howard leads the Yanks in homers with 28, but only eight of them were hit in the Stadium. The long (402 feet) distance to left center there works against him, but he has hit more homers in Chavez Ravine (five) than any other Yankee. The Yankee bench is much better than the Dodger bench, and Harry Bright, Phil Linz, Yogi Berra and John Blanchard are good enough to start on almost any other team in the American League.

The Yankees have a big advantage in their infield. Boyer at third, Kubebs at short, Richardson at second and Peptone at first make the double play at the critical times. Peptone has tremendous range to his right, and Richardson never seems to be out of position. Boyer borders on the spectacular, while Kubebs

remains one of the American League's best shortstops.

This comfortable edge in defense, in power and in World Series experience is enough to offset the remarkable Dodger speed. But the Series will be decided by pitching—by left-handed pitching—and Ford and Downing, as good as they are, cannot match Koufax, Podres and Perranoski. The Dodger lefties are the best. The Dodgers should win.





Out of the turn into the homestretch, Overtrick (No. 8) flies past Country Don on the way to his stunning first-hat Jug victory at Delaware.

THE ELEGANT BAY OF MRS. BUCK

Against the fastest field of all time, Overtrick had to break the world record for pacers in order to win the Little Brown Jug—so he did just that, and he did it not once but twice

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Folks in pleasant little Delaware, Ohio (pop. 13,282) had not been as keyed up over a race since a home-town boy named Rutherford B. Hayes upset Samuel J. Tilden in the electoral college by a single vote, back in 1876. Last week it was Overtrick against Meadow Skipper and Country Don in the Little Brown Jug, the 3-year-old pace that is the apple of Delaware's eye, and when Overtrick blitzed them in two world-record-breaking heats, the town was wrung out.

Hank Thomson, the country editor who puts on the show, took to his bed exhausted and under doctors' care. Long after dusk, Mrs. Leonard J. Buck, Overtrick's owner and the grandmother of nine, was still cooling out over a stinger, saying: "I can't stand this excitement." It just proves that the rich, despite what Scott Fitzgerald said, are not entirely different from you and me. Helen Buck and her husband, a mining magnate, dwell in the moneyed precincts of Far Hills, N.J., winter at a cozy 1,100-acre plantation in Georgia, plow as much as a quarter of a million dollars a year into

Standardbred yearlings—and die at the races.

At least Mrs. Buck does. Leonard Buck, master of the Allwood Stables, hasn't really been shaken up since the days when he played lacrosse for Lehigh and Jim Thorpe was an opponent at Carlisle. He was not always a horseman. But a dozen years ago the Bucks visited a well-known trotting man, Octave Blake, president of harness racing's Grand Circuit, at Pinehurst, N.C. Blake did some missionary work. "We went to Pinehurst to get health," Buck says, "and we got horses."

Mrs. Buck felt butterflies within when her stable's grand trotters, Kimberly Kid and The Intruder (Hambietonian winner in 1956), performed, but, despite heavy expenditures, the Bucks did not have many horses to get excited about over the years.

When Overtrick, a bay of elegant conformation, dominated the 2-year-old stakes last year, the breeders were thankful, and Mrs. Buck was touching ground only on every second step. Mrs. Buck

bred Overtrick herself, sending her mare Overbid to the stallion Solicitor. That refreshed her appetite for racing, since horse people have a special feeling about homebreds. Overtrick blazed into 1963 looking much the best of his class. Mrs. Buck was not calm. Then along came Meadow Skipper and Country Don, and what was left of Mrs. Buck's peace of mind disintegrated.

Country Don, to take the improbable one first, is owned by two young French-Canadian businessmen, Andre Mercure and Roger Garon, who have precisely one other racehorse. This is their first year as owners, and they picked up the Don, a son of Adios Boy, for only \$30,000. "This," said Mercure on Jug morning, "is a very nice hobby."

Nice? *C'est sensationnel.* Country Don is trained and driven by a fellow Quebecois, Marcel Dostie, 34, who used to rub horses for the famous Joe O'Brien. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow but "a cool cat in a race." Twice this year Dostie had guided the Don to victories over Overtrick, and now there were whispers



Tight-lipped to control her feelings, Mrs. Buck accepts congratulations in the winner's circle.

ROBERT TAUBERT

Mrs. Charlotte Sheppard's 2-year-old trotter, Ayres, and other world records were falling like Ohio buckeyes in autumn. Horsemen expected the 1960 record of 1:58 3/5 for 3-year-old pacers to be reduced in the Jug, but they were not prepared for what actually happened.

It was the most stunning mass display of speed ever unleashed by Standardbreds. All 11 horses broke two minutes in the first heat; Overtrick was caught in the phenomenal time of 1:57 1/5.

Woolworth's analysis proved to be perfect. Country Don sprinted for the lead and, hustled hard by Dottie, reached the three-quarter pole in 1:26 4/5, an unheard-of pace. But that cooled the Don. Meadow Skipper was shuffled back at the start. He was able to get to the rail only briefly. Avery quickly jerking him back out again from behind the tiring Country Don. It was Patterson who turned out to be the cool cat. He breezed the first half on the rail never worse than fifth, but was outside thereafter. Three horses wide, he swung through the last turn, and with a wonderful finishing wallop beat Meadow Skipper by a length and a quarter, Country Don laboring home third.

It takes two winning heats to make a Jug. In the first, Overtrick earned the rail for the second, and of course Meadow Skipper and Country Don started next outside him. Speed? This time it was Overtrick by two lengths over Country Don in 1:57 3/5 as he led at every call, and now Meadow Skipper came third.

Afterward, it was hard to tell who had won and who had lost. Patterson, a God-fearing teetotaler of such alarmingly good character that he often has been taken for a lay preacher, cut into a petit four at Hank Thomson's party and allowed that "with decent racing luck" Overtrick seemed to be "equal to the others." Pshaw, Johnny, that horse is one of the greatest pacers this country has ever seen.

At the same affair, loser Norm Woolworth talked lightheartedly of the New York Rangers' hockey prospects. A couple of miles away, the biggest winner of all, Mrs. Buck, sighed and sipped her stinger. She wanted to know whether people really thought Overtrick was an outstanding horse. Well, he should prove it even to Mrs. Buck and Johnny Patterson by winning the \$150,000 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt in November. **END**

that Overtrick had been overraced and was dull.

The whispers multiplied when Norman S. Woolworth's Meadow Skipper, driven by 69-year-old Earle Avery, thumped Overtrick at New York's Yonkers Raceway in the \$163,000 Cane Futurity, taking this first pace in the Triple Crown series in the track-record time of 1:58 4/5. Said Woolworth, "I really thought Overtrick stood out this year. I figured Meadow Skipper could pick up enough seconds and thirds to earn maybe \$50,000 for the season. But the Jug intrigues me. We drew the third post, with Country Don just inside us and Overtrick trailing in the second tier on the rail. I can't see any of the other eight horses winning. Country Don should leave well. With our horse it's a question. We have tried to teach him to leave adequately. Another thing, he scared the devil out of Earle, at first, by taking a lot of little extra steps when he was supposed to be pacing. If Meadow Skipper can survive in the first turn and not get hung out away from the rail too long, we have a chance.

But if Country Don hangs us out there and the two of us burn ourselves out, then it will be Overtrick coming on."

When the racegoer's money spoke, however, it had a French accent. Speculators in record numbers—possibly the 39,847 claimed—stuffed themselves into the tiny grandstand, filled a bleacher section and rimmed Delaware's half-mile track six to eight deep in places, and for the first heat they made Country Don the 8-to-5 favorite. Next was Meadow Skipper at 9 to 5, then Overtrick at 2 to 1. Poor Mrs. Buck.

The Bucks' trainer-driver is the 43-year-old Georgian, Johnny Patterson. As a venturer of opinions Patterson is on the silent side of Cal Coolidge. He said he had an "open mind" as to strategy and reckoned that Overtrick was in "good shape." Everyone else was talking, though, and mostly about speed. Delaware is the country's fastest half-mile track because of its saucerlike shape, its wide turns and lively, sharply banked surface. The race meeting had already produced a remarkable 2:00 1/5 mile by



He isn't necessarily the smartest man in the game. Fido Murphy modestly admits, but the thing is, he says, he knows more than anyone else

by MYRON COPE

JUST CALL ME FOOTBALL'S GREATEST SCOUT

You, dear reader, in your pitiful ignorance, probably have never heard of Raymond (Fido) Murphy. But there is a vociferous body of opinion which holds that Fido Murphy:

- Designed the modern T formation.
- Masterminded the Chicago Bears' historic 73-0 defeat of Washington in the 1940 professional championship game.
- Conceived the smashing defensive maneuver that is known to the millions it has thrilled as red-dogging.
- Laid out the defense that solved San Francisco's startling shotgun offense three years ago.
- Wowed New England basketball crowds with a behind-the-back dribble before Bob Cousy was born.
- And, most important of all, knows more about football than any man alive.

The body of opinion supporting these claims stands 5 feet 8, weighs 182 pounds and is 58 years old. It belongs to Fido Murphy. A more opinionated body you will never find.

Do not jump to the conclusion that Fido Murphy is under confinement while being treated for a Napoleon complex. Fido is very much at large. He is employed by the Chicago Bears and the Pittsburgh Steelers to scout college talent in 12 western states and also, on Sundays, to scout upcoming National Football League opponents. "I'm the best in the business at scouting opponents," Fido modestly states, "but I can't tell you that because you'll think I'm nuts." Coaches who are able to control their tempers in the face of Fido's roaring self-esteem concede that he is an able scout, else why would two clubs pay him for identical information on college talent? The only difference between the thick reports Fido periodically hands his two employers is that one copy is stamped CHICAGO and the other PITTSBURGH. Having imported his wisdom with impartiality, Fido leaves the Bears and Steelers to race for his recommended players in the NFL draft. Deadliest of all, Fido barks: "It isn't that I'm smarter than everyone else in football. It's just that I know more. Max Stiles, the Los Angeles columnist, wrote, 'They don't make 'em like Fido Murphy anymore.'

Sam Cohen, the Bridgeport columnist, wanted to call me a genius, but I wouldn't let him."

Many assume that Fido Murphy's nickname stems from the fact that he resembles an angry bulldog, but Fido furnishes a derivation that is more in keeping with his stature. He explains that a Boston sportswriter, Bill Cunningham, saw him play tailback in 1922 for Westbrook Seminary of Portland, Me. and was moved to superlatives. "He said," says Fido, "That kid Murphy did everything but drive the bus. You can't compare him with a human being, you gotta call him a greyhound." So they called me The Greyhound, and when we played in hostile territory the fans yelled, 'Bowwow!' and they called me Fido."

Fido is not quite the superman he claims to be, but there is evidence that he has a first-rate bird dog's nose for talent. For a brief period in 1959 Fido took French leave from his NFL clients and, according to his version, literally ran the American Football League's first draft meeting; he quickly returned to the NFL because, he says, he could not tolerate Harry Wismer's loud mouth. In the Steeler training camp one night recently, the coaches sat in a dormitory kitchen drinking beer and discussing Fido. Said Backfield Coach Mike Nixon:

"Fido can spot talent all right. He's picked off some real sleepers. I remember four years ago when he was touting Angelo Coia of Southern California. Nobody in the league wanted Coia. Everybody said he had no guts. But Fido kept hollering for him, and finally George Halas gave him the green light to sign Coia for the Bears."

Raising his right hand, Nixon swore he saw Fido sign Coia smack in the middle of a workout for the Copper Bowl game in Arizona. Fido marched briskly onto the field and said to the coach of Coia's squad, "This won't take a minute." Seizing Coia by the elbow, he pulled him out of a huddle, knelt down with the contract on his knee, handed Coia a fountain pen and said, "Sign here, kid." Coia was so shocked he signed. "As you know," said Mike Nixon, "Coia's been a helluva flanker for the Bears."

While Nixon praised Fido, two

continued

men in the room scowled. One was Buster Ramsey, a large ex-lineman. Fido had arrived in training camp that day announcing, "Big Daddy Lipscomb died on me over the winter, so I had to come out here and rebuild the Steeler defense from scratch." Buster Ramsey is the Steeler defensive coach.

The other sour-faced man was Will Walls, Pittsburgh's chief scout. Fido categorically denounces all chief scouts as titled know-nothings. "The only trouble with Fido," said Walls, "is he talks so much you wonder how he gets time to look at a player."

Head Coach Buddy Parker came to Fido's rescue. "He signs everyone there to be sign," said Parker. "He's got a good way with boys. He scouts the Los Angeles Rams, and their coaches hate him because he loafs with their players. The Rams think he gets the lowdown from their own players." In point of fact, Sid Gillman, one of a succession of Rams coaches Fido has infuriated, once sighted him entering the Los Angeles Coliseum and ordered ushers to throw him out. Brandishing a ticket and threatening six lawsuits, Fido held his ground.

Fittingly, Fido works out of Hollywood, where he resides with his wife, the actress Iris Adrian, who is frequently seen on late TV films playing dumb-blondie parts. Her flatbush-type voice is that of the telephone operator who over the years has given Jack Benny a hard time. ("She was a Ziegfeld queen, the belle of Broadway, a landmark at Leon and Eddie's," Fido proclaims.) Lounging by his swimming pool in a maroon velvet Roman toga, which he "bought cheap" from Anthony Quinn, Fido ruminates on players he has scouted and, from time to time, dashes off such letters as a recent dispatch to the Steeler office in which he mentioned Barron Hilton, owner of the San Diego Chargers of the rival American League. "Spoke at a luncheon here today for Hilton and put them in isles," wrote Fido. "What an offer his league made me! But I turned it down. I always put honor and loyalty before money. . . I am holding out six or eight kids I uncovered which an IBM computer can't go find."

A chronic name-dropper, Fido quotes Ed Pauley, the big oldman who once owned shares in the Rams, as saying:

"Those other scouts sit in the press box and yell, 'Hey, Murphy! What'd they do on that last play?' Murphy yells back, 'They were in an over-four.' Then the scouts yell, 'What'd the strong side do?' And Murphy says, 'For Pete's sake I'll diagram it for you at half time. I'm busy.'"

Fido makes no secret of his utter contempt for the scouts and coaches who populate pro football. "A bunch of office boys with fancy titles!" he snaps. "They been washing my brain for 30 years. A lot of fakers and phonies! You ask them what do they think of such-and-such a player, and they tell you, 'Wait till I see the films.' I don't need no lousy films. I'll tell you right there. Pete Beathard of USC will be the Heisman Trophy winner this year, but I'm not interested in him. No arm. But McKay's I formation is made to order for him, so all them office boys will think he's great."

Last year's Heisman Trophy winner, Terry Baker of Oregon State, was not as promising a prospect, says Fido, as Bill Nelson, a quarterback he signed for the Steelers. Nelson also played in McKay's I formation, but presumably had an arm. "I got you the best quarterback of the lot," Fido told Buddy Parker.

Without having to be prodded, Fido takes credit for the fact that Mike Ditka, the magnificent Chicago offensive end, signed with the Bears rather than with the wealthy Houston Oilers. As Fido tells it, Ditka was flying home to Aliquippa, Pa. from the Hula Bowl game in Hawaii and stopped in San Francisco to change planes. "I had him bumped off his plane," says Fido. "Then I got him a first-class window seat on another flight, and he thought I was a big man. The flight had a 90-minute layover in Chicago, and I had Halas wait for him at the airport with a contract."

Such triumphs, however, are nothing when compared to Fido Murphy's exploits as a football, baseball and basketball star, and as a football coach, baseball manager, umpire and club owner. There is almost nothing in sports that Fido has not done, and done before anyone else. A few nit-pickers, of course, have questioned Fido's veracity on occasion. They cite the time when the late Art (Pappy) Lewis, then head coach at West Virginia University, posed as a Sports Illustrated reporter doing a survey on college coaching and asked

Fido his opinion of "that fellow Lewis at West Virginia."

"That big farmer!" answered Fido. "I taught him everything he knows."

Fido has apparently sojourned in so many places and made so many conquests that it is perhaps understandable if he should occasionally confuse the facts. For example, he reports that in 1934 he coached St. Viator College of Bourbonnais, Ill. in the first indoor football game ever played. Reminiscing in rich detail, he says: "Our opponent was St. Mary's College of Winona, Minn. There was a lot of interest in the game, but the weather got cold, so we played in an armory on the South Side of Chicago. They trained polo ponies there. We played on a Saturday night and filled that place—12,000 paid. At one end of the field we had a six-yard end zone. At the other end there was no end zone. We painted the posts white on a black wall. The St. Mary's coach was Moose Krause, and here's how I outsmarted him: the field was three yards short in the width. I didn't tell him that. I had all my quarterbacks run all inside stuff instead of wide stuff. So we won 14-0."

Krause, now athletic director at Notre Dame, recalls the game vividly and agrees that Fido describes it beautifully, except for one trivial error: St. Viator did not play in the game. "Our opponent," says Krause, "was St. Benedict's College of Atchison, Kans. Moon Mullins was their coach."

Such inaccuracies undoubtedly creep into Fido's account of his playing days also. As he puts it, cryptically, "See, I was sort of a peculiar athlete. I was more fact than fiction." Fido's mind flashes back to a day in 1924 when he was performing for the New England Ramblers, a noted semipro football club then locked in a death struggle with the Portland Longshoremen. "You had to play those guys with a knife and a club," says Fido, shuddering. In any case, neither team had scored when the clock showed time for only one more play. Fido dropped back to kick a field goal. He booted a line drive, true to the mark. But a gigantic splinter was protruding from the crossbar and, with a twang, the football was impaled on the splinter. It hung there, teetering back and forth.

"I couldn't wait around to see which way the ball fell," says Fido, "because I had a date with a doll who had a lot of

continued

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dough and a Packard. The dolls loved Murphy in those days. He was a handsome rascal. Anyhow, the other players and all the fans waited for 20 minutes to see which way the ball would drop. I was coming out of the shower dripping wet when the referee came in and said, 'Fido Murphy, you are the first guy in history to win a game in the showers!'

"I was a magician with a basketball," Fido confesses. "I played for a touring team called the Boston Whirlwinds. I stood under the basket with the ball in my hands and bounced it off my head into the basket. Abe Saperstein saw me, and that's how he got the idea for the Harlem Globetrotters."

From time to time, Fido has owned, managed and general-managed minor-league baseball clubs but is best remembered, by himself, for his daring as a player. He purports that in the days when games frequently were umpired by a single man he once laid down a trickling bunt and, while the umpire attentively hovered over the ball to see whether it would remain fair, he sprinted directly across the pitcher's mound and came to rest on second base. The bunt stayed fair. Fido's opponents furiously protested his shortcut to second, but the ump replied: "Aw, dry up. You guys just wish you had Murphy's speed and could take two bases on a bunt."

Fido himself umpired in the minors in 1941, going down as the only nonumping umpire in history. In a game at Fort Smith, Ark., he found himself faced with a difficult decision. The home-team left fielder had dived at a sinking liner, but Fido was not certain whether he had caught the ball or trapped it. Fido forthwith halted the game and polled the bleacher fans.

"They voted that he didn't make the catch," says Fido, "and they were the home fans. They said, 'You're the best umpire in this league, Fido, and we ain't gonna jam you.'"

Back in his late teens and early 20s, Fido had touched down as a for-hire athlete at no less than six campuses. At Fordham he played football for Major Frank Cavanaugh. "Major Cavanaugh called me 170 pounds of dynamite," says Fido. He relates that prior to his second season at Fordham, Cavanaugh made him proprietor of the campus poolroom in order to insure his continued presence. "It was a gold mine," says Fido.

"It was open till 9 o'clock, with six tables, 56 a game. But I didn't go near the joint. I had a couple of hero worshipers who ran it for me and brought the money to my room every night and dropped it on the bed."

After Fordham, Fido received a telegram from Hunk Anderson, then football coach at St. Louis University, who invited him west. Fido wired back, *SENDS TRANSPORTATION MONEY*. Anderson wired \$200, and Fido stuffed the money into his pocket and hitchhiked to St. Louis. "The first day in scrimmage," he recalls, "I ran 71 yards for a TD. Joe Lintzreich, who later was a star for the Bears, was the St. Louis captain, and he said to me in the showers, 'Hey Speedy, you looked pretty good out there. I said, 'Phooey! I just hitchhiked three days. Wait till I get some rest.'"

Hunk Anderson clearly remembers Fido as an outstanding ballcarrier, possessed of excellent speed and a tricky change of pace. Yet St. Louis refused to award him a letter. "The authorities," says Anderson, "found out that Fido got into the university by borrowing high school credits from a pal in New England and putting his name on them. He got bounced out of school." Soon after, Fido's collegiate career came to an end at Duke University.

"Wallace Wade recruited me," he says. "He gave me a great deal. So right away I knocked them dead in spring practice, but in the summer the head coach of North Carolina University, a guy by the name of Chuck Collins, ran into Hunk Anderson in Chicago and said, 'I'm worried, Hunk. Duke's got a back who drew crowds in spring practice. Guy by the name of Fido Murphy.' And Hunk said, 'You can't defense that guy! He can run all over the lot! So Chuck Collins turned white and went back to Carolina and said to Wade, 'You can't play this Murphy. He's played all over the world.'"

Fido returned to his native New England, where he already had achieved distinction as the first man to win a game while in the showers. He played semipro ball for the Sokol Rosebuds ("a big Polish society in Bridgeport"), but he was so spectacular that the Sokol Rosebuds' archrival, a Polish society on the west side of town, hired him to play against his own teammates in the championship game. "Those people up there were betting their houses and their wives on that

game," says Fido. "I beat the Sokols all alone. I purposely let a punt fall and then picked it up on the third bounce and ran 69 yards for a TD. Some guy in the stands yelled, 'Don't give that guy half a chance or he'll kill you!'"

Going where the money was, Fido next joined the New Haven Triangles, a pro club coached by the famed Century Malsbied. "The first time I scrimmaged I dippy-doodled past every man on the field, and Malsbied said, 'This guy's better than Albee Booth.' They had a mortgage on the stadium, but I filled the joint and paid off the mortgage."

Fido turned up shortly in Chicago, where he asked George Halas for a berth with the Bears. Halas replied, "Well, kid, I've heard a lot about you. Hunk Anderson recommends you highly. But I already got three tailbacks. However, if you want to play for \$50 a game, be here tomorrow."

Fido did not regard himself as a \$50 player. He therefore went to Ed A. Garvey, a big office-supplies man in Chicago, and was hired as a traffic manager. "But my main job," Fido explains, "was to take out Garvey's big accounts and tell them about my experiences. One of these accounts was a purchasing agent who was a big blonde babe. She'd say to me, 'I want 100,000 of this item, Fido. I can give the order to a lot of salesmen, but I like keeping company with you, sweetie boy.' So I went to Garvey and said, 'Look, I'm not strong enough to hold this job.' Garvey said, 'You're the greatest salesman in the U.S.' But I had football in my blood, so Garvey said, 'Look, I'll make you coach over at St. Viator College.' Garvey could do that because he was always writing out \$10,000 checks for Catholic colleges."

The early 1930s, consequently, found Fido revolutionizing offensive football at St. Viator. "There I am with the modern T formation—my quarterback is using a fake that is now the 37 counter in the New York Giant offense. Why, I'd already done a little coaching at Samuel Johnson Academy in Connecticut and I'd used it there. So now Marchmont Schwartz, who was Clark Shaughnessy's assistant at the University of Chicago, sees my stuff and tells Shaughnessy about it." Shaughnessy buddied with George Halas, and the two began toying with

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FIDO MURPHY *continued*

T plays on paper for several years, according to Fido. In 1939 Halas' Bears made extensive use of the formation, but justice prevailed and Halas was done in by the fine hand of the T's true creator—Fido.

It seems that Fido's old mentor, Hunk Anderson, was then coaching the Detroit defense and had telephoned Fido for help. "We don't have much material here," Anderson told him, "but there's one guy I want to beat—Halas. Scout him for us."

Fido reported back: "Their offense is practically the same as the T formation I used at Samuel Johnson Academy. It's all sideswiping. So don't let your defensive linemen charge. Have them wait and slide. But while they're sliding have a linebacker fly in on Bill Osmanski. If you stop him, you stop the Bears. Use a sliding five-man line with a linebacker flying in."

"My best man for that," said Anderson, "is John Wiethe. I want you to talk to him on the phone and tell him what to do."

Naturally, Detroit beat the Bears. But that isn't important. "What's important," says Fido, "is that now we're getting into why I'm a great scout. Nobody had used a five-man line—never. So the middle guard is invented. Also, the first linebacker that ever red-dogged and blitzed was John Wiethe! Bill Osmanski gained 46 yards for the day, and the Lions did it with my suggestions. But the next year, 1940, Shaughnessy turns up at Stanford and uses my T and goes undefeated and wins the Rose Bowl. The only thing he did with my T was put a man in motion, and he gets credit for inventing the modern T formation." (Halas concedes Fido is "an excellent talent scout and a good team scout" but differs with him on the origin of the T. "Fido," he says, "was a devotee of it, but the T was used before he was born.")

Meanwhile Halas, who obviously knew genius when he saw it beating him, had added Hunk Anderson to his coaching staff and in the bargain got Fido as a scout. The Bears, too, were surging forward with the T—"with Fido Murphy behind the scenes, sharpening the pencils," says Fido sarcastically. By his own account, Fido fashioned the Bears' 73-0 slaughter of the Washington Redskins in the 1940 championship game. He told the Chicago coaching staff: "That team's

continued

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2. Pick out one of the bankers (not the pretty teller—one of the desk men) and introduce yourself.
3. Open a savings account (and, if you don't have one, a checking account) and make regular deposits. Ah, you say, I knew there was a catch somewhere. But it works. Now you're starting to own your own banker, and the more you do for him, the more he can do for you. Let's face it—few things impress a banker more than money, at least during banking hours.
4. Now—when you need a little cash, borrow it from the bank instead of from your savings. Pay it back on time. Do this a few times and, believe us, you're on your way to a long, beautiful friendship with a banker of your very own. (But get started soon, while there is still a good supply.)



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Sprays germs away.
Freshens breath
instantly.

*Only by mouth use
in food



FIDO MURPHY continued

got two different teams. They're one team when Sammy Baugh's in and another team when Frankie Filchock comes in to give him a rest. Baugh is pass-completion crazy. He'll throw 1½ yards if he can get a completion. He won't run. Buck up your tackles and back up your secondary kids deeper. Baugh won't run, and if he overshoots the short stuff, we'll pick 'em off.

"But," Fido continued, "when they put Filchock in, he'll run. So we won't drop back. We'll give him the rush."

The Bears intercepted eight Redskin passes. Filchock made a costly fumble. "We picked off the short stuff and buried Filchock, and that was the story," says Fido.

A blazing success as a scout, Fido expanded his scope. When Buddy Parker became head coach at Detroit in 1951, Fido hired out to Parker while continuing to take Halas' money, and later shifted to the Steeler payroll when Parker moved to Pittsburgh in 1957. From his Hollywood location since his marriage to Miss Adrian in 1930, Fido has plucked the Los Angeles Rams and San Francisco 49ers, whom he regularly scouts. "For Pete's sake, I been beating the Rams for 10 years," he declares. Three years ago the 49ers begin rolling over the league with Coach Red Hickey's surprise shotgun offense. "This is Dutch Meyer's old Texas Christian single wing," Fido shouted at Halas over a long-distance line, "and what's more, 15' of it is illegal. Now here's how to beat it. . . ."

San Francisco's shotgun had averaged 33 points a game for five games, but the Bears held it scoreless. Alas, Clark Shaughnessy—then Halas' defensive coach—again got credit for Fido's brainwork. Roars Fido: "I said to Halas, 'What's going on here? What's all this foolishness?' And he said, 'Well, Fido, I know you done it, but I gotta say Shaughnessy done it because he's called our defensive coach.' Titles! I got the Bears practically their whole team, but Halas has to give George Allen the credit because he got the title of head scout. Personnel Director, he is called."

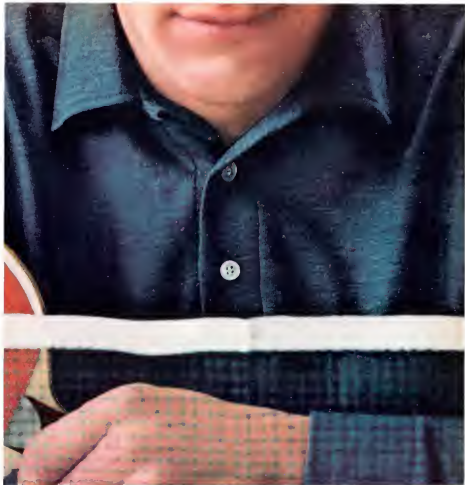
Fido's claim to having solved the shotgun is circumstantially supported by the fact that Pittsburgh, his other client, held the 49ers to 10 points and beat them the very week after the Bears. "He gave me a lot of good information," Buddy Parker confirms. "For example the big

thing was putting a man right on their center. The center had to pass that ball back instead of just handing it to a T quarterback, so that kind of took him away from doing his job as a blocker. We put Big Daddy Lipscomb on him. Fido told us to."

Such encomiums, when relayed to Fido, warm his hungry heart. Actually, he has never claimed he is the only man in pro football who understands the game. There are two others. "George Halas and Buddy Parker are the only guys in football I'd work for," says Fido. "I'm hard to handle. I know too much football. Halas and Parker are the only guys who can keep pace with my mind."

Fido seems to feel that sportswriters have difficulty keeping pace with him, too. When interviewed, he likes to give free advice on how to plot his story. "Say this," instructs Fido. "Say, 'I asked Fido why he doesn't scout for only one club, and he said one club can't afford his salary—two clubs split it.' Then say this: 'When Emken Tunnell played for Green Bay, he asked Fido Murphy how can he scout for two clubs, and Fido told him he can do it because he levels with both of them, and it's as simple as that.' And then say, 'So Tunnell copied it from Fido Murphy, and last year he scouted for Green Bay and New York.' Give me a break. Say, 'Fido is a very interesting man to talk to.' Say, 'Steeler President Art Rooney thinks so much of this fellow he named a horse after him.' And put this in: 'George Halas thinks the world of Fido Murphy. He deceys his opponents by giving other people titles, but he uses Fido Murphy's game plans.' Say, 'The great New York Giant defense is nothing but Jim Patton playing like George McAfee when the Bears had the free roaming-around safety, and the great New York Giant offense is just like when Sid Luckman would fake a 37 counter to Bill Osanski and keep the ball and throw a pass to Ken Kavanaugh, so what you had there was passing with play action, which is now the Giant offense.' Oh, your readers will die when they read this. They'll say, 'This is the greatest story ever written.' You can say in the story, 'From talking to Murphy I think he underestimates himself.' Just call the story *Football's Greatest Scout*."

END



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Drawings by Roy McKee



BEARS AND OTHER COMMUTERS

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Assorted evidence is presented that after cons of fleeing from humans, wild animals are mounting a new and sinister attack that is based on one of their enemy's own adages: 'If you can't lick 'em, join 'em'

Shortly before last Fourth of July a little girl named Diane Wanamaker, who lives with her mother and father in the town of West Nyack, not far from New York City, looked out the window and said to her mother, "There's a bear in the backyard."

According to the *New York World-Telegram*, Mrs. Wanamaker, who was cooking dinner, replied, "That's nice, dear."

Now there really was a bear in the backyard of the Wanamakers' suburban home—a 300-pound black bear, *Euarctus americanus*, a very wily and sagacious creature, and about as wild a beast as it is possible to find in the eastern woods. After vainly trying to interest her father in the bear, Diane became annoyed at being regarded indulgently as an imaginative child, and dropped the subject.

But the next morning Mr. Eugene La Voie, aged 61, who lives in the nearby

town of Spring Valley, left his house to go to work and found the bear sitting on his lawn, staring at him. Mr. La Voie did not waste time discussing it with members of his household. He rushed back inside and called the police. The police, apparently, gave the call little more attention than Mrs. Wanamaker had given to Diane. By the time they arrived the bear had wandered away across the New York State Thruway and was last seen heading for Albany. However, there were bear tracks, 8½ inches by 5 inches, all over the terrain.

Imaginative children have been known to delight in scaring other imaginative children by saying, "Maybe it's a bear!" at any strange sound, particularly if the children are alone in the house and hear a scratching noise or a thumping on the porch outside. We should hesitate to dismiss such remarks as childish fantasy. There may be a bear on the porch.

If it is a bear, one need not follow in the fast footsteps of a miner in Burke, Idaho named Dan Stoker. He had long been annoyed by dogs that raided his garbage can at night, tipping it over, making a lot of noise and scattering the refuse. Hearing sounds in his backyard one recent evening, he crept out the back door and saw an animal with its head buried in the can. Mr. Stoker approached stealthily and delivered a resounding kick to its hindquarters with his size 11 D miner's boot. The animal turned out to be a large bear. Mr. Stoker, a man in his 50s, went into barefaced retreat and ran for his house. Since the back door had locked behind him, he decided to waste no time unlocking it, and ran around to the front. The bear, however, had by this time gotten its head out of the garbage can and raced around the house in the opposite direction. Mr. Stoker meanwhile had reached the front

continued

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BEARS AND OTHERS *continued*

door and, a moment later, was annoyed when the bear also appeared. Both were disgusted at the Mack Sennett comedy sequence that had interrupted the great drama of nature. They wheeled and headed in opposite directions, the bear toward the Coeur d'Alene Mountains that loomed in majesty in the east.

Then consider a 67-year-old woman named Mrs. Bella Twin who was walk-

small grizzly bears have been known to charge people in wild, leaping bounds, covering 10 to 12 feet per jump, so Mrs. Twin was fortunate that she shot the grizzly before it stepped on her.

A careful study of such episodes, however, suggests that civilized man has a poor record in such emergencies. It is not overexcitement but skepticism that hampers him. Modern man does not



A church was visited by a deer which was anxious to join a flock instead of a herd.

ing near her home in the Swan Hills of Alberta, Canada a while back, when the largest grizzly bear known to man suddenly reared up on the trail before her.

Mrs. Twin happened to have her rifle with her. It was a .22. Paying no attention to the common belief that wild animals will not bother you if you do not bother them, Mrs. Twin shot the bear with her .22. In fact, she put seven .22 slugs in a tiny circle in the gum's brain. It fell over dead. She had killed the biggest grizzly bear of which there were authenticated records (since that time three larger specimens have been shot). Mrs. Twin's grizzly had a skull whose dimensions were verified by the Boone and Crockett Club. It measured 16 10/16 by 9 11/16 inches—roughly the size of Dan Stoker's garbage can. Even

believe that such things happen. When he comes face to face with some great phenomenon of nature, he thinks it is a gag. If he suddenly confronts anything like a grizzly bear, his first reaction is to call the police. Last spring in Wichita, Kans. a young man named Stanley Brown happened to be passing the office of Charles F. Curry & Company on downtown Kellogg Street after business hours. Looking in, he saw a young stag deer bounding over desks and chairs. Mr. Brown called the police. The officers, hurrying to the scene, tried to capture the deer, but it jumped through a window and skipped town. Portland, Me. reported an even more exciting intrusion. "Worshippers at the Catholic Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception were surprised yesterday," said a calm

continued



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wire service account of this otherwise stimulating event. "When a frightened deer bounded into church. It was subdued by an off-duty policeman."

Occasionally it seems as if animals go out of their way to be sure they deal with the police. BLACK BEAR INVADERS JERSEY COMMUNITY, ran a recent headline in *The New York Times*. "The animal was sighted here about 9:30 last night," said the report from Newton township. "It passed police headquarters on Trinity Street and was spotted on Spring Street, the main shopping section, by Police Sgt. Ralph Carey."

Not long after the bear went window-shopping in Newton, word came from Anchorage, Alaska about the disquieting behavior of a bull moose at the local airport. It seems this moose was lounging around the terminal building while a Boeing 720 jet was being readied for its flight. The moose was causing no trouble, just watching takeoffs and landings, until the passengers boarded the plane and it started to taxi out to the end of the runway. At this point the moose ran toward the jet and butted it between the No. 1 and No. 2 engines. "The bull moose lowered his head, pawed the ground and charged," wrote a newspaperman in some excitement. The plane was shaken but undamaged. "The moose, apparently unhurt and unimpressed," the newspaper account went on, "walked away." What was surprising about this incident, however, was that officials seemed nettled to discover there were no Civil Aeronautics Board regulations governing the procedure for planes attacked by moose. Even more disturbing were the last words casually appended to the newspaper report of the incident.

"Moose have been known to charge parked cars and light planes," it read, "but not a jet." What has been going on here? Has it taken an all-out attack on a jetliner to bring into the open a grave situation affecting parked cars and light planes?

Obviously, people have been reluctant to call attention to such moose assaults from a sort of misplaced politeness, a form of embarrassment. It is more difficult for modern man to say, "Isn't that a moose charging our station wagon?" than it was for his ancestors to hunt them. In the Boston suburb of Norwood, for instance, nobody paid any attention when a 450-pound black bear

climbed out of a truck on Route 1 and stretched its legs. The truck driver had pulled off the road and stepped into a diner for a cup of coffee. When the bear came out of the truck, people probably thought it wanted a cup of coffee, too. They may not have known it was a bear. They may have thought it was a wrestler. In fact, the bear was a wrestler. It was named Black Ozzie, and for the past year it had been wrestling regularly in Boston. The Boston wrestling promoter, Tony Santos, had sold the bear to a Columbia, S.C. entrepreneur for \$3,000, and Black Ozzie was scheduled to make a television appearance in Columbia two nights later.

Consternation followed when the driver told police that Black Ozzie had walked out on him. Radio alerts cautioned children to keep away from the scene. VICIOUS BEAR LOOSE HERE, ran a headline across the front page of the Boston *Record American*. Extra police cars cruised the area. After six hours of panic, the bear was seen walking along Route 1, heading south (in other words, in the direction of Columbia). It was brought back to the truck, where Mr.

Santos gave it some lumps of sugar, which it probably was seeking for its coffee in the first place.

Even famed international correspondents have taken note of the efforts of animals to gain a bit of recognition in modern society. Drew Middleton in a special dispatch reported that a panther had been captured in an exclusive girls' school near Paris. "The panther roamed the streets and back alleys of St. Denis," Mr. Middleton wrote, "terrifying the inhabitants. . . . Policemen, firemen and trainers from the circus assembled. A crowd of about 2,000 gathered. A workman trod on the animal as it lurked in the hall of his apartment house, and was bitten on the arm and shoulder." Even when attending girls' schools, panthers do not like to be stepped on.

RACCOON ARIS GOLTER, says an animal news dispatch of a different type, this one from Osage, Ill. It seems that a man named Bill Taylor was playing on the Spring Creek course with two friends. On the last hole his putt rolled up within three inches of the cup and stopped. A raccoon ran out of the woods and nudged the ball into the cup, enabling



An airport was examined by a moose which then found out it had no use for jet travel.

Mr. Taylor to have a par round. Skeptics might question this—remember, Mrs. Wansmaker did not believe there was a bear in her backyard—but it turned out that there was a prankish golf-playing raccoon haunting the Spring Creek course. It was a pet belonging to a family that lived near by, and it often went around the course generously pushing golf balls into holes.

In this past month Harvey J. Proulx, a golfing doctor from Lewiston, Me., received an equally unusual assist. Playing the Cobbosseecontee Colony course, he hit a ball into the woods, where he found it clamped in the jaws of a squirrel. Squirrel and doctor began a chase through the trees, with the squirrel finally abandoning the ball behind a large rock. Suspicious, the doctor moved the rock and was amazed to see 135 other golf balls that had been squirreled away throughout the summer.

One theory to account for all this misplaced animal behavior is that animals are a little confused as to how to act around people. When an animal saw a bearded figure wearing buckskins approaching with a rifle, the animal logically assumed that the man was not taking a census of wildlife in the area. The man was going to kill something, a simple purpose the animal could understand, since it was usually trying to kill something on its own. So it ran, or hid, or, if all else seemed likely to fail, it launched an attack.

But now—in an age when conservationists are doing such things as attaching transmitters to foxes in order to find out where they spend their leisure hours—animals cannot figure out what people are up to. It is even being said that wild animals, far from regarding man as a natural enemy, actually are beginning to like people and enjoy being around them. Books like *Born Free*, dealing with a peaceful lioness, and *Ring of Bright Water*, about the companionship provided by otters, not to speak of books about scientists who converse with good-natured porpoises, have marked a change in the literary attitude toward beasts. Only a few years ago a naturalist like Ernest Thompson Seton was ridiculed as a romantic because he attributed so-called human emotions—love, self-sacrifice, family loyalty, courage—to wild creatures in their relations with others of their species; and he was ridiculed even more because he some-



A golf course discovered it had an unpaid assistant pro whose putting was accurate.

times wrote about wild animals aiding or befriending man.

But now scientists have gone far beyond Seton. That a porpoise will swim alongside to keep an unconscious swimmer above water is only one of the many reported instances of the goodness and intelligence of our wild cousins. In fact, we seem to have completed a cycle in this respect. Animals are now often said to possess what were once thought of as solely human emotions. Human psychology, on the other hand, has come to be interpreted in terms of brute urges and unconscious strivings. It may be, of course, that both animals and people have changed. Noting how well cats, dogs and horses have gotten along with mankind, other more aggressive species may have decided to cultivate good relations in the hope of not becoming extinct—if they're trying to exterminate you, join them.

Or it may be that animals are merely facing a difficult period before they learn how to make the best use of the trappings of civilization. In *Lives of Game Animals*, Seton, for all his admiration of cougars, admitted feeling uneasy because one of them had discovered the Vancouver zoo. When in need of a good meal, the cougar came into town from the mountains and ate a deer. J. Frank Dobie, in *The Voice of the Coyote*, pieced together every creditable report he could glean about the cunning intelligence of coyotes and their uncanny skill in getting away from dogs. But even Dobie wrote a little coldly about a coyote that—reportedly—enticed dogs to chase it along a railroad track when a

freight was approaching, and then jumped on a flatcar and rode away. Dobie should not have been so suspicious. RABBIT HUNT ENDS IN SHOCK, said a news story last winter from Faversham, England: "Eight beagles chasing a rabbit were electrocuted today when the rabbit led them across the third rail of an electrified rail line near here." The rabbit in this mechanized form of the old Brer Rabbit story got away. Clever, perhaps, but animals using human aids against their historic enemies for some reason seem less admirable animals.

Sir Charles Pigott Piers, in his classic *Sport and Life in British Columbia*, opened up another disquieting prospect in the growing camaraderie of men and once-wild animals—the possibility of animals taking on human vices instead of human virtues. Sir Charles was governor of British Columbia when it was a favorite refuge of remittance men exiled from London, and in his opinion these remittance men—he called them "neer-do-weels"—taught the beasts bad habits, or at least set them a bad example. One of these famous neer-do-weels was kept by his family on a ranch on Vancouver Island, cared for by a devoted sister, who doled out only a little whisky to him each day. In her loneliness the sister raised a pet bear cub, an affectionate and docile animal that jumped on people's laps, hugged them, played with them and developed all sorts of endearing tricks.

"The neer-do-weel proved the serpent in this Eden," wrote Sir Charles, "for on the sly he taught the little Bear to relish a toddy of whisky." Before long

continued



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BEARS AND OTHERS continued

the bear was following the remittance man around, paying no attention to the sister, and eventually it got to be such a nuisance that it was returned to the woods.

Years passed. "The good woman passed on," wrote Sir Charles. The remittance man, freed of all restraint, gathered a group of other remittance men around him. "So it happened one Christmas when he and his friends were sitting around the fire with a large bowl of steaming toddy, a scratching was heard at the door, which, being opened,

could hardly stand. Besides, he was getting sleepy." However little they knew about bears, the near-do-wells knew what to do with anyone in this state: each grabbed a leg, and they hauled the bear across the snow to the guest house and put him to bed. Sir Charles does not say what happened in the morning, except that the bear woke up with a terrific headache and, after looking unhappily through the lace curtains for a while, headed for the woods and never came back again.

The point is that there may be two



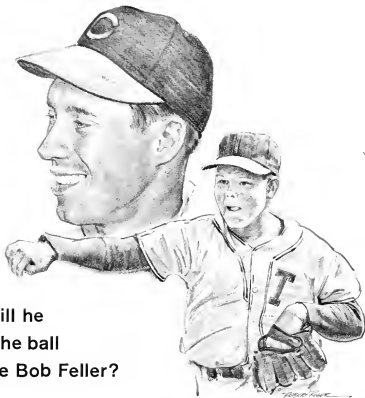
An under-the-table fable had the boys in the back room being joined by a boozey bear.

gave entrance in a flurry of snow to a fully grown black bear." Sir Charles's literary gifts did not include an ability to describe so complex a social situation. He merely wrote that when the befuddled men finally realized it was the old pet bear cub they made him welcome and gave him all the whisky he wanted, and soon all were singing and dancing together. But the bear tried to revert to the tricks of his cubhood, climbing on people's laps, hugging them in a friendly way and, in the process, breaking down the tables and chairs and spilling the whisky. Angry words were spoken, and the situation was beginning to get ugly, when the bear, having lapped up the liquor on the floor, grew "so groggy on his legs," as Sir Charles recounted it, "he

sides to the friendly feeling that is growing between man and other species. Reflect on this terse communication in the letters column of a major London paper, which ran under the headline FOX HUNTS MAN:

"Sir,—During the severe weather it has been reported that foxes have been hunting in packs, and have actually chased two small boys. We eagerly await news that one of these packs has been organized to hunt a man in a pink coat. We shall then be able to hear from his own mouth (if he survives) what an enjoyable experience it was."

There may indeed be hazards in fraternizing with suspiciously friendly wild animals, especially if they have had contact with certain types of people. **END**



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Pretty girls from all over the world are competing in track and field—and having fun. But where are the Americans? They are at home, demurely avoiding physical stress and missing out on a very good thing

The beautiful young girl with the auburn hair is a Russian named Valentina Maslovskaya. She not only looks better than the girl next door, she most certainly can run much faster. Valentina is a member of the Soviet 400-meter-relay team, and the reason American girls cannot beat her is that most of them will not even try. Our girls golf, swim, ski, skate and perform in most other sports, but they dodge track and field as though it were a combined course in weight lifting and wrestling. Actually, as the pictures on this and the following pages show, running has not diluted the natural loveliness of Valentina and other European track stars any more than playing flanker back ever dulled Frank Gifford's handsome cast. But you cannot convince the American girls. And if you could, it would not matter much because there are so few coaches here to teach or even to encourage women's track.

The odd thing about all this is that emancipated American women have long since dropped the philosophy that playing fields are strictly for cheerleading, and gymnasiums made only for sock hops. Everyone this side of Bonnie Prudden—even Diana Vreeland, editor of *Vogue*—is for women's athletics. Indeed, Mrs. Vreeland believes a girl's "physical vitality and stamina" is more of an asset than her ability to select clothes. And Helen Gurley Brown, the Hugh Hefner of the unmarried girl (*Sex and the Single Girl*), provides—in order—all sorts of reasons why athletics are for womanhood: 1) men hang around athletes, 2) "you get to liking your body" and 3) girls look cute in skating outfits and tennis whites.

Neither expert, of course, claims that any girl looks good in track clothes, which are as chic as the daring bathing outfits of the early '20s. But some improvement is being made. The European girls are warming up these days in those formfitting stretch pants. Maybe soon someone will persuade Teddy Tinling, the successful designer of fetching tennis tutus, to turn his considerable talents to draping female sprinters in something more appealing than men's

underwear. That will clear one especially important hurdle.

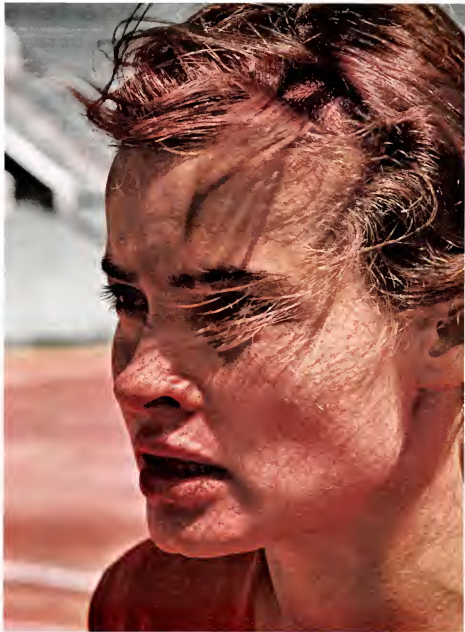
But the fault with American girls' track is not just sartorial. The real problem is that there is so little of it, and the reason for that probably goes back to 1928, the year women first participated in track and field at the Olympics. After a squabble over U.S. team leadership, professional women physical education instructors were left off the U.S. team's staff. Scorned, the phys ed teachers at most high schools and colleges immediately eliminated instruction in the techniques of running, jumping and throwing. "Ladies should not perspire," the new thesis said, "or show signs of physical stress or strain." This thinking still holds 35 years later, encouraging otherwise athletic young girls to retreat behind the pose of frailty when it comes to track and field.

Predictably, the result has been a bad-to-worse American showing in international competition, which reached new depths in the recent U.S.-Russian track meet when, because of two disqualifications and one fall, the team actually finished with less than a minimum score. Outclassed, outloved and out of fashion, our girls may have lost heart. "Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game," Nietzsche wrote nearly 80 years ago, "woman's play is mediocre."

There is, however, some hope. Such coaches as Ed Temple of Tennessee State and Roxanne Anderson of San Francisco's Laurel Club have at least kept women's track alive. And now the Women's Board of the U.S. Olympic Development Committee has helped create the National Institute on Girls' Sports to deal with all sports but chiefly with track and field. It will meet next month for the first time in Norman, Okla. The institute could well set up a plan to increase opportunity and interest for girls in track and field, and it should provide a forum for better coaching methods (the Russians were appalled at the techniques of some of our girls). The institute would do well, too, to put a stop to those feeble jokes about girl broad jumpers, to make those outfits more attractive and to find a stylish Miss America who high-burries.

CONTINUED

WHY CAN'T WE BEAT THIS GIRL?





Swift and svelte, British relay runners (above) radiate delight after laggy victory over Americans. Their time, 45.2 seconds, was a world record for the quarter mile.

A joyful competitor, Polish sprinter Elzbieta Szyroka (left) typifies the attractive woman athlete who has won wide acceptance among usually conservative Europeans.

West Germany's statuesque Jutta Heine (far right), unbeatable at 200 meters, is as fiercely determined—and nearly as seductive—as the legendary siren, Lorelei.

Smiling sprinter, Russia's Galina Popova (right) never could defeat America's comely Wilma Rudolph, but this summer has been a consistent winner in the 100 meters.







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Hail again the likes of Alex Wojciechowicz!

After many a lean year the East is back with names almost as unpronounceable as that of the Fordham lineman—and football teams that rank with the country's best

In the '30s the mark of a dedicated college football fan was whether he could spell Alex Wojciechowicz. Those were the days when titans (small t) flourished in the East; when always-powerful Pitt played three straight scoreless ties with always-powerful Fordham. Now, after a quarter of a century, the East again may have reached a point where its top teams are as plentiful and its heroes' names as difficult to spell.

As the 1963 collegiate season opened, no sector was more surprising than the East. Its teams won three big inter-sectional games away from home and one on native ground, all in convincing style. And no sector produced more hard-to-spell names. Consider: Staubach and Sai (Navy), Liske, Klingensmith and Urbanik (Penn State), Mazurek (Pitt) and Mahle (Syracuse). Happily for West Point, its hero was Tom Smith.

In a cradle of hills at Morgantown, West Virginia, Navy's gifted passer, Roger Staubach, and gifted runner, Johnny Sai, humiliated the supposedly good Mountaineers 51-7. In Los Angeles, where Pitt blasted UCLA 20-0, Quarterback Fred Mazurek did everything well. In Portland, where Penn State sprung a mysterious new offense on highly regarded Oregon to win 17-7, the stars were Pete Liske, Gary Klingensmith and Tom Urbanik. And, back in the East, Syracuse's run-happy Walley Mahle (pronounced Mail-e) got the best of Boston College's pass-happy Jack Concannon 32-21 in a spirited duel of quarterbacks.

It was five years ago—1959—that Coach Ben Schwartzwalder's Orange team won the national title and started the East on the road to everything. Since then, while there have been no other national championships, there have been more teams of the caliber of Syracuse and more coaches of the caliber of Schwartzwalder. But if last week's activities were a true indication,

the coach who may be destined to take the East further than anyone is Navy's Wayne Hardin. In his fifth season, he seems to have come up with a team so explosive that even he cannot appraise it.

A record 35,000 turned out in Morgantown, hopeful of seeing West Virginia's Jerry Yost overthrow Staubach. It was no contest at all. Staubach began his junior year the way he left off as a sophomore when he buried Army 34-14. He completed 17 of 22 passes for 171 yards and guided Navy to most of the 417 yards it gained. The performance left Hardin almost as dazed as West Virginia.

Penn State's Rip Engle certainly had an answer for Oregon, a feared team with a feared back, Mel Renfro. The answer was a new offense called the swing T, which sent a "Z" back to an open end position on either side of the line. This unbalanced the line at times, made a tackle an eligible pass receiver and split an end out 15 yards wide. Thoroughly confused, Oregon's defenders permitted all sorts of Penn State atrocities, chief among them Quarterback Pete

Liske's two touchdowns. When Oregon tried to overshift to meet the new attack, Liske ordered a fast snap and sent Klingensmith running outside (for 85 yards) and Urbanik inside (for 40 yards more).

On Friday night in Los Angeles, Fred Mazurek was Pitt's special Z against UCLA. Noted recently for its sluggish teams, Pitt blasted out 429 yards, rushing and passing, and a staggering 27 to 6 edge in first downs against the Bruins. Mazurek hit eight of 11 passes for 166 yards and scooted along the line for 43 yards. While Pitt did not need to display a wide-open attack, it did unveil a streak of a sophomore ballcarrier, Eric Crabtree, a 9.7 sprinter who averaged 5.5 yards on eight carries. "Pitt is one of the top 10 teams in the U.S.," said UCLA's beleaguered Bill Barnes. Like Navy and Penn State, the Panthers seemed to have a little bit of everything, and Eastern rooters, having viewed one showdown between Syracuse and BC, are now looking to another on October 26 between Navy and Pitt and to Pitt's November 23 collision with Penn State.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (5-0)
2. NAVY (3-0)
3. PITT (1-0) and SYRACUSE (5-0)

While PENN STATE, NAVY, PITT and SYRACUSE were busy boosting the East's prestige, there was some indication that they may soon be joined by still another team, ARMY. Somewhat fancier than usual under Coach Paul Dietzel, Army even flashed some unaccustomed speed while trouncing Boston U. 30-0. Tom Smith, a quick-bursting sophomore halfback, thoroughly demoralized the diligent but ineffectual Terris

with two touchdown runs of 80 and 66 yards. The Army defense, too, looked solid. The Terris quick-shifted, used double and triple flankers, men in motion and split ends and still they were able to gain only 28 yards against the toughened Cadet line.

VILLANOVA spotted West Chester State a 3-0 lead and then came back to defeat the Rams 21-9. BUCKNELL pulled itself together in the last period to beat Gettysburg 19-7, while MASSACHUSETTS outscored Maine 14-7. Little Susquehanna, after 22 straight victories (the nation's longest winning streak), finally lost to UPSALA 34-12.

continued

1963—another big year for Wilson Staff big

Golfers pictured here are members of the Wilson Advisory Staff



GREATEST WOMAN GOLFER of the year is Mickey Wright, who plays Wilson Staff woods and irons and the Wilson Staff ball to win more tournaments and more prize money than any other Ladies PGA competitor. Her record includes victories in the Sea Island Invitational, St. Petersburg Open, Alpine Cactus, Muskogee Open, Dallas Cactus, Babe Zaharias Open, Women's Western Open, Waterloo Open and Albuquerque Swing Parade.



ROOKIE OF THE YEAR CANDIDATE is 30-year old Raymond Floyd, winner of the St. Petersburg Open with Wilson Staff woods and irons.



LOWEST COMPETITIVE ROUND OF THE YEAR—an amazing 51—helped Jack Rife, Jr. win the St. Paul Open with Wilson Staff golf equipment.



U. S. OPEN CHAMPION JULIUS BOROS played Wilson Staff woods, irons and the Wilson Staff ball to win at The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. It was his second National Open Championship with Wilson Staff golf equipment. Boros also won the 1953 Colonial Invitational and Buck Open championships.

winners!

The golfers pictured on these pages have won nearly half of the professional golf tournaments played in the United States this year. They have established this amazing record in competition with some of the finest golfers in the history of the sport. Three big reasons for their success: Wilson Staff woods with exclusive Strata-Bloc® construction for extra distance, Wilson Staff irons with exclusive Dynapower design for greater accuracy, and the Wilson Staff ball—the famous “long ball.” Take a tip from these big winners and play your next round with Wilson Staff golf equipment. Available only through golf professional shops.

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COMEBACK KING BILLY CASPER recently won the Insurance City Open after being out of action for three months with a hand injury. Earlier this year he scored an impressive victory in the Bing Crosby National tournament. Casper plays Wilson Staff golf equipment exclusively.



GOLF'S GREATEST MONEY WINNER, Arnold Palmer, plays Wilson Staff woods and irons exclusively. The first golfer to win more than \$100,000 official prize money in a single year and more than \$400,000 in his career, Palmer won the 1963 Western, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Pensacola, Thunderbird and Cleveland Opens.



CONSISTENT WINNER BETSY RAWLS, holder of nearly every major women's golf title during her career, added the 1963 Sunshine Open to the long list of championships she has won with Wilson Staff woods, irons and the Wilson Staff ball.



Every team in the majors won this pennant

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (4-6) 3. FLORIDA STATE (1-6)

MISSISSIPPI, unbeaten in 10 games last year and considered by many this season's best team, met MEMPHIS STATE in its 1963 opener. Memphis won 0-0. Seldom have no points meant so much to so many. To Mississippi, the tie spelled ruin of hopes for a second perfect season; to Memphis, it most likely meant an unbeaten team and perhaps national recognition. For southern adherents of defensive football, the stand-off was the logical outcome of a clash between teams that had ranked first and second in defense last year. Ole Miss was held to 57 yards rushing, Memphis to 87. It was Mississippi, however, that came closest to scoring. The Rebels had three downs within the Memphis two-yard line. But the Memphis line held three times.

THE WEEK'S BEST

LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Memphis State Tackle John Fred Kohlar, leading a stirring goal-line stand that preserved a 0-0 tie with Mississippi and made State's season, stunned blockers all night and got into 20-odd tackles.

BACK OF THE WEEK: Quarterback Roger Staubach of Navy, completing 17 of 22 passes for 171 yards at West Virginia, ran almost as well while directing his team to an impressive 51-7 routing of the vaunted "Mountain Line."

Miami Coach Andy Gustafson was disgusted by FLORIDA STATE's 24-0 destruction of his tested Hurricanes. "When you have a 255-pound tackle and a 220-pound end to block for a 210-pound fullback and can't make six inches, you know you're in trouble," Gustafson said. Those inches were what Miami, trailing 14-0 in the third quarter, needed—and didn't get—for a first down on its own 40. Meanwhile, FSU Quarterback Steve Temu had thrown two touchdown passes to Flanker Back Al Biletnikoff. For Miami Quarterback George Mira, it was this kind of day: when he rolled out in the wrong direction on an option, he threw a strike to Biletnikoff, who laughed all the way to his third touchdown, 99 yards away. Gustafson wasn't laughing. As he trudged from the field, a little red-haired kid leaned over a rail and squeaked, "Hey, Coach!" Gustafson looked up. The boy dumped a handful of trash into his face.

Neither TEXAS nor LSU was upset, but their coaches were. Tulane made top-ranked Texas sweat for a 21-0 win. LSU needed an 83-yard punt return by Joe Labruzzo to beat out TEXAS A&M 14-6.

ALABAMA Coach Bear Bryant took his team to Athens for a replay of last year's highly publicized game and whipped Georgia

continued



tops among the pros

The pace-setter's preference—"Ban-Lon" sportshirts. They're ruggedly knit of uniquely cramped "Texturized" yarn to set an unmatched performance record of resistance to wrinkling, stretching, shrinking and piling, through countless automatic washings. "Ban-Lon" sportshirts are the natural choice of sports pros—and hammock heroes, as well. For the connoisseur of the casual look, Jantzen presents the Ken Venturi "Ban-Lon" golf shirt. It's deftly detailed for comfort with a long back tail that stays in, stays neat. New fall colors: red, burnt olive, light blue, deep navy, silver beige, white, black, S-M-L-XL, about \$9.00, 100% nylon. The Diamond, Charleston, Kilian Co., Cedar Rapids, Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Jordan Marsh, Miami and Ft. Lauderdale, or write Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon.

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32-7 (see page 20). KENTUCKY belted VPI 33-14. TENNESSEE routed Richmond 34-6 and MISSISSIPPI STATE bulldozed little Howard 43-0, but Vanderbilt lost to FURMAN 14-13.

Maryland Quarterback Dick Shiner completed 17 of 20 passes for 189 yards, but NORTH CAROLINA STATE drubbed the Terps anyway, 36-14. DUKE overhauled South Carolina 22-14 when Fullback Mike Curtis, injured earlier, scored two touchdowns and a field goal. NORTH CAROLINA just did get by Virginia as Quarterback Junior Edge was knocked woody. "It's not a good feeling," said Tar Heel Coach Jim Hackley, "to have your quarterback on the bench beside you asking you what his name is."

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NORTHWESTERN (4-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (1-0) 3. WISCONSIN (1-0)

NORTHWESTERN'S Ara Parseghian sat in the steaming dressing room at Missouri's Memorial Stadium mopping his forehead, partly because of the heat and partly from relief. "I'm glad to get out of this one," he sighed. His Wildcats had just beaten Missouri 23-12 with a rough defense and Quarterback Tom Myers. Myers completed 10 out of 16 passes for 209 yards. When Missouri set its defense to stop his over-the-middle passes, Myers threw to Ends Chuck Logan and Gary Cram in deep patterns. Mourned Missouri's Dan Devine, "He's almost impossible to defense."

Clemson made the sorry mistake of scoring two second-quarter touchdowns. This infuriated proud OKLAHOMA. Its rangy linemen began to hit more purposefully. Jim Graham ran 26 yards for a touchdown. Lance Rentzel raced 49 yards and Oklahoma won 31-14. For once, Clemson's Frank Howard, noted for his droll wisecracks, was not funny. His lone, sad comment: "They've got big, tough bullies in that line."

WISCONSIN and NEBRASKA won easily. Wisconsin ran and passed for 479 yards while beating Western Michigan 41-0; Nebraska whooped overmatched South Dakota State 38-7. KANSAS STATE was feeling 10 feet tall after its first victory in 19 games. The Wildcats got so enthusiastic when Larry Corrig threw a five-yard scoring pass to Doug Dusenbury that they went on to beat Brigham Young 24-7.

BOWLING GREEN had trouble with Detroit, but the Falcons finally won 27-14. Ohio, however, lost to BUFFALO 7-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (1-0) 3. TEX (1-0)

What Southwest Conference members had merely suspected, they now know. TCU has a team that even Texas and Arkansas can respect. The Frogs, back at the old power game that Coach Abe Martin loves, pounded

away at Kansas until the Jayhawks gave in 10-6. Behind 6-0 at half time, TCU simply gave the ball to Tommy Crutcher and he split the weary Kansas line with his booming charges until he got the Frogs even. Jimmy McAttee kicked the extra point, then added a 23-yard field goal.

TEXAS TECH, as expected, was beginning to look good, too. Heralded sophomore Donnie Anderson ran an intercepted punt back for a touchdown. H. L. Daniels kicked three field goals and Tech upset Washington State 16-7. Meanwhile, ARKANSAS overwhelmed Oklahoma State with its quarterbacks. Billy Gray and sophomore Jon Britten each threw scoring passes as the lively Porkers won 21-0.

For 30 minutes against Houston, AUBURN looked like the best football team in the country. Shuffling out of a new I formation into T sets, and with their line blocking and tackling ferociously, the Tigers romped to a 21-0 lead. Quarterback Jimmy Sidle had an explanation for Auburn's sudden affluence. "Last year we had a big, fat line. This year we have a small, quick one," he said. But—then the buzz—and Houston's Joe Lopasky—got the Tigers' small, quick linemen. Lopasky scored on a two-yard plunge and on an 82-yard punt return, and Auburn had to hang on desperately to win 21-14.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UTAH (1-0)
2. AIR FORCE (1-0) 3. STANFORD (1-0)

It looked like a routine finish to what had been a fairly dull game. Washington led AIR FORCE 7-3, and there was only 3:15 to play when the Huskies lost the ball on downs on the Cadet nine-yard line. Then Quarterback Terry Isaacson threw seven straight passes, five of them to End Jim Greth, a sophomore who entered the game as a potential field-goal blocker and was still in only because

Coach Ben Martin could not get him out. "All we could do was cheer him along," said Martin later. With the ball on Washington's seven, Isaacson raced through the embarrassed Huskies. Air Force won 10-7.

UCLA's Johnny McKay was spotting mad when he got a look at Colorado's Folsom Field. Despite a heavy downpour, Colorado officials had neglected to cover the field and it was as gooey and slick as a marshmallow sundae. McKay's disposition was not helped any, either, by 107 yards in penalties against his Trojans. Quarterback Pete Beathard, mired down in the mud, had 10 fumbles with his passes (he completed only six out of 19), but he did slip past the Buffaloes twice, and USC won 14-0. Even that did not make McKay feel any better. He just growled, "The sooner we get out of here the better."

STANFORD's John Ralston and CALIFORNIA's Marv Levy were happier. Stanford's Dick Ragadale caught two touchdown passes from Clark Weaver, ran 49 and 55 yards for two more scores and the Indians rolled over San Jose State 29-13. Cal's Craig Morton led the Bears past Iowa State 15-8.

Utah plotted its defensive strategy around curbing Vern Burke, OREGON STATE's talented pass catcher. Wherever Burke roamed, at least two and sometimes three nagging Utes roamed with him. Soon Oregon State was behind 14-0. So Coach Tommy Prothro switched tactics. Gordon Queen threw to Len Fretlich and Fullback Charlie Shaw suckered Utah with devastating trap plays. Oregon State won 29-14.

All in all, it was a sad day for Western AC teams. Arizona was thrashed by UTAH STATE 42-0, while Arizona State lost to WICHITA 33-13. Only WYOMING won, over Montana 35-0. But there was unrestrained joy at COLORADO STATE. After 26 straight defeats, the Rams finally won, beating Pacific 20-0 at Stockton.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

USC over Oklahoma. The difference is at quarterback. USC has Pete Beathard.

Oregon over Stanford. Running or passing, Oregon has too much speed for Stanford.

WSU over Washington. Plin's new offensive look is pleasing—and it wins games.

Georgia Tech over Clemson. Tech is stronger up front and more adept on the attack.

Purdue over Miami. Miami has a weakness. Its line cannot protect George Mira.

Florida State over TCU. FSU's good passing game will prevail over TCU's power.

Syracuse over Kansas. Syracuse plays tougher defense and has good runners, too.

Wisconsin over Notre Dame. Those quick Badger backs will run away from the Irish.

LSU over Rice. Sturdy defense and LSU's patent offense will hold off the Owls.

Arkansas over Missouri. But Mizrow could be troublesome for the slick Porkers.

OTHER GAMES

AUBURN OVER THREESOME
ILLINOIS OVER CALIFORNIA
FLORIDA OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE
IOWA OVER WASHINGTON STATE
MARYLAND OVER SOUTH CAROLINA
MICHIGAN STATE OVER NORTH CAROLINA
NEBRASKA OVER MORGENTHAU
OHIO STATE OVER TEXAS A&M
PENN STATE OVER WOLA
SMU OVER MICHIGAN

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 7 WRONG, 1 TIE

SPORTING LOOK

CARLETA

A relaxed, easy fit, this suit from Cole of California (\$324) fluidly accents femininity. Derived from the alpine, softening tank suit, the new suit pictured here is made of a filmy, lightweight stretch Helanca and spandex knit.



The girls have all the lines

California's annual autumn swimsuit line is out, and so are the rigid lines—out of the suits, that is. At the resort this winter and on any beach next summer, in the matter of girl and suit, the girls will have all the lines. *Women's Wear Daily* heralds it as "Girls Are Back," which sounds like a scoop only if you missed them. Actually, some girls were banished—or hidden, anyway—by last year's form-concealing covered-up look. They return now, relaxed, comfortable and completely feminine, in gaily colored suits shaped to disclose the body's most alluring contours. One striking aspect of the trend is a swing back to straplessness and sunburned shoulders. Of course, the natural look may not be for everybody. The alternative for the woman who prefers some coverage is a beach adaptation of the so-called layered look. It is achieved (upper right) by matching a sweater or vest to a two-piece suit. Virtually all of the new suits are boneless, but built with skill. This will not be the year that suits make the girl, but, rather, the year the girl puts the lines back in the suits.

Rose Marie Reid's strapless slafi (\$26) attaches to a fitted jersey inner shell, has hidden straps for active swimmers. Helanca suit has a border of art nouveau flowers on one side of its fetching design.



Three-pieces more far off Madison Avenue, as Elizabeth Stewart covers a two-piece swimsuit with matching sweater (\$28), and Rose Marie Reid Juniors adds a waistcoat to complete a beach ensemble (\$24).





STAR-CLASS CHAMPIONS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE FIGHT ELUSORY WINDS ON THE WASHEGARO SURFACE OF LAKE MICHIGAN

Win, lose or sink, the best were out sailing

September's winds, as usual, blew hot and cold on the sailing world's effort to find a champion but, even though no single racing sailor could be acclaimed "the world's best," the search was a lively one

There is a Latin motto engraved on the silver cup that symbolizes the sailing championship of North America. "*Pal-mam que meruit ferat*," it reads—in very free translation, "May the best man win." In the annual season's-end championships taking place all over the continent during the last two weeks, a host of good men and true were out on the water, each of them trying to prove himself the best, but when the last sails were bagged once again and the last boats hauled, the question—as it does every year—remained unanswered.

The sailor who got his name on the

Mallory Cup along with its Latin motto as the official champion was a 33-year-old Californian named James DeWitt who raced for his title against seven other regional champions on Chesapeake Bay. But DeWitt's lead over a New Yorker named Norman Freeman was so slight that the committee had to reach deep into the rules to find out who really was better. At the end of an eight-race series in lively Mobyucks, DeWitt and Freeman each had 42½ points. Each had taken two first places. Freeman lost out only because he had no second-place finish to match his rival's.

On Long Island Sound, where the world's finest 5.5-meter sailors were competing for the international championship (SI, Sept. 16), the official best-of-all turned out to be a sailor who had not even intended to race. It took the disqualification of one top contender, the crucial breakdowns of two others, an unexpected fire in far-off Finland and the vagaries of a weird Olympic scoring system to give New Hampshire Naval Architect Ray Hunt his 5.5 championship. When he did win, Hunt was not sailing as an American at all but as a Finn.



Hunt, one of the world's top 5.5 designers, stepped into the Finnish boat *Chape II* at the beginning of the series when her owner had to hurry home to investigate a fire in his boatyard. Throughout the week he was closely pressed for the lead by Texan Ernie Fay, Connecticut's Bill Luders and Norway's Crown Prince Harald. Then Luders got himself disqualified by altering the keel of his boat before he had received formal permission. Fay scuttled his chances by fouling out in one race and breaking a spreader in another. The prince spoiled his score by breaking a head stay. After each remaining sailor had wiped the results of his worst race off the score sheet—in accordance with the hotly argued Olympic system—Ray Hunt was declared the winner, but who could say if he was best?

One of the best, if not one of the winners, was a Star-class sailor from Soviet

continued

The Gothic Note's not by GGG Clothes



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BOATING continued

Russia who braved a gale on Lake Michigan when everybody else lurked prudently in the lee of a protecting breakwater. Competed for by sailors from 15 countries, including Japan, Portugal, Switzerland and Monaco as well as the U.S., the Star world championships off the Chicago Yacht Club were raced mostly in light airs. But before the next-to-the-last race, a hard breeze rose to lick the lake into a vicious chop. "We can't find anybody with a powerboat that wants to go out in that," an apologetic lady at the yacht club explained to a crowd of would-be spectators eager to go out and watch the slaughter. "Then why is that boat out there?" asked one disgruntled heckler. The lady did not even have to look at the frail Star bucking the gale. "Oh, that," she said, "That's Pinegin. He's practicing."

Ten minutes later Russia's Timir Pinegin breezed back past the breakwater on the crest of a creaming wave. "Is rough out there," he said, mopping the damp from his brown eyes.

Later in the day when the wind had moderated enough to permit racing, the other sailors dared follow where Pinegin had led. Four of them lost their masts as a result. Pinegin was not one of the four, but neither was a young sailing instructor from Boston named Joe Duplin and, when the final scores were tallied, Joe Duplin turned out to be the best. That is, he got the points needed to win the championship.

Dunk Vail, a sailor from Norfolk, Va., was named World Champion in the Jollyboat class. But when it came to picking the best sailor among the 76 crewmen and skippers competing off Nags Head in North Carolina, the tale could well have been given to anyone who survived the second race of the series. A 25-knot breeze was blowing as the 18-foot centerboarders headed for the starting line. Four of them capized on the way, but there were still 34 left to start the race. Then, in the space of a minute, the wind squallied up to 45 knots and 29 more of the molded plywood craft went over. While the rest drifted helplessly on the torn sea, the five Jollies still upright doused their sails and dropped anchor. Coast Guard helicopters and a small flotilla of fishermen sped to the rescue, but it was hours before some of the sailors were pulled from the water. "We were lucky," said one race committee man, "to get off without losing anyone."

END



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The big man who wasn't there

Alex Karras was sorely missed as the Green Bay Packers took the Detroit Lion defense apart

When the Green Bay Packers played the Detroit Lions last Thanksgiving Day, Packer Quarterback Bart Starr was almost buried alive under the repeated assaults of the angry Detroit line. Everyone had his crack at Starr, but the man who cracked him the hardest and the most was Alex Karras, the best defensive tackle in pro football. Thanks to Karras and his pals, the Lions had a romp, beating the Packers 26-14. Last week the two teams met again, but this time the best defensive tackle in pro football was busy wiping off the bar at the Lindell AC lounge in Detroit, serving out his suspension for gambling activities. Without him, Detroit's red-dogging tactics, so effective last year, broke down and Starr was not rushed hard all afternoon. The Packers crushed the Lions 31-10 and looked once more like champions.

"That was the sweetest," shouted Willie Davis, the Packers' defensive end. "It was the sweetest game we ever won."

"Maybe they learned a lesson out there today," another Green Bay player said. "And that is, don't talk too much. They've talked about being a better club than us for a long time."

As a matter of fact, Alex Karras was talking that way several days before the game. He has been playing handball to keep in shape, and his weight is a trim 245, lighter by 15 pounds than he was the afternoon he gave Bart Starr such a tough time.

"We're a better team than the Packers are," Karras told a friend. "We were better in both games last year, even if we only won one of them. If you can keep Green Bay from running, you can beat them, and we are very good against running teams."

If Karras and the other Lions are proud of their defense, so are the people of Detroit. Defense has become something of a tradition in Detroit and the fans appreciate it. They will cheer the spectacular efforts of the offense, but their affection is reserved for the defensive units. Tobin Rote found this out in 1957 when he led the Lions to the championship with a 59-14 win over the Cleveland Browns. Rote had a wonderful day on the field but, at the end of the game, when the fans poured out of the stands toward the players, he was ignored. He might have been a Cleveland player for all the attention he got. The fans surged past him, hoisted up Middle Linebacker Joe Schmidt and carried him off to the dressing room.

In the years just prior to that game, the fans had saved their loudest yells for a massive middle guard named Les Bingaman. Later they cheered for a hard-bitten secondary known as Chris's Crew. And last year they hollered loudest and longest for a pair of defensive tackles, Karras and Roger Brown.

This year the fans' affection for Detroit's defense has been mixed with worry. After all, Karras is missing and no one has been certain how well his replacement, Floyd Peters, would do. Peters was obtained from the Cleveland Browns. The Lion coaching staff selected Peters carefully, studying some 28 game films of the Browns, ranging over the last two years, before they decided on him.

"We found out he hustled all the time and he had good rings," one Detroit

continued

IN LAST YEAR'S THANKSGIVING GAME, KARRAS (71) TAKES AIM AT BART STARR





**A few words to people
who speed and don't
get caught**

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coach said, "He could slip a block pretty good, too. He's a veteran and he fit into our defense easier than a rookie would have. He can't rush the passer the way Karras could, but neither can any other tackle in football."

Most of the Lions' defensive unit, like Peters, came to Detroit in trades. Night Train Lane, a great corner back, and Carl Brettschneider, an underrated corner linebacker, are ex-St. Louis Cardinals. Gary Lowe, a defensive back, was cut by the Washington Redskins. Sam Williams came from the Rams. Dick LeBeau, another back, was cut by Cleveland. Darris McCord, a strong defensive end, came to the club after several seasons in Canada. Only Joe Schmidt, the usually magnificent middle linebacker, Wayne Walker, a corner linebacker, Safety Yale Lary and Tackle Roger Brown are Detroit draft choices.

All of the defensive unit are veterans, and all of them, since coming to the Lions, have played better than they did on the clubs they came from. Part of this has been due to Coach George Wilson.

"He thinks like a player," a Detroit defense man said the other day. "We respect him and like him and we'll play our guts out for him."

"We can stop them if..."

When the Lions opened the season against Los Angeles, they found that the Rams had spaced their offensive linemen wider than usual, hoping for blocking angles. Schmidt calmly called more blitzes through the gaps and the resulting pressure on the Ram quarterbacks caused four pass interceptions by the Lions. Schmidt, like Karras, believed that the way to beat the Packers was to stop them on the ground. "We figure if we can stop them there, we can win it," he said before last Sunday's game. "One of our defensive theories is that if you can restrict the other club to less than 100 yards rushing, you'll win. Sometimes you win if they get more, but if they get less, you're a clinch."

The Packers, however, had other ideas. Upset by the Chicago Bears in their first game of the season, the Packers considered a victory a necessity. "We lose this one and might as well forget it," said Dan Currie, the corner linebacker. "Sure, there are 12 games left to play, but the Lions would be ahead by two. They've always thought they were a better team than we are. If they

beat us, they would really be tough."

Vince Lombardi, Green Bay's stern coach, tried psychology instead of hard work in preparing the Packers for the Lions. Instead of lacerating the team with verbal abuse—which he has done, and does well—he relaxed his discipline a bit and held the lightest workouts since the beginning of training.

"What else can you do after a game like the one we played with the Bears?" Lombardi said. "They knew how bad they were. I haven't told them anything. I figure that if this is a championship team, they'll come back."

One reason for the Packers' failure against Chicago was that the team was too tense. "You can't be cautious in this game," Lombardi said. And from the start of the game with the Lions last week, the Packers played with abandon, not carelessly. So sure and quick was the Green Bay defensive unit in the first half that the Lions could make only two first downs, and the Packer secondary covered the Lion receivers so closely that Milt Plum was unable to complete any of his seven passes. Often he threw the ball away rather than risk an interception.

Taking a leaf from Schmidt's notes on defensive football, the Packer defense shut off the Detroit running game with 71 yards for the afternoon. They intercepted four of the 26 passes Plum and Earl Morrall tried and allowed only six completions, good for a skimpy 76 yards.

The Packers also adjusted to a new—and surprising—Detroit offense very easily. The Lions came out in a short-lived version of the shotgun offense, reminiscent of the ill-fated shotgun offense of the San Francisco 49ers, and the Packers, who had not expected this and had not worked against it, cast back to the defenses they had used against San Francisco and stopped it cold.

Meanwhile, the Packers were working over the Lions' defense, the pride of Detroit. The Lions rarely blitzed, and the few times they did, Starr caught them in it and puffed short passes out to the side. Starr was not passing particularly well, but he juggled the Green Bay offense perfectly. More often than not he feinted with Jim Taylor, then handed the ball to Moore, who responded by running better than he has in the four years he has been with the club.

The power sweep that has proved effective for the last three years for the Packers with Taylor or Hornung trailing

the big Packer guards outside tackle worked just as well last Sunday with Moore carrying the ball. Jerry Kramer and Fred Thurston, the guards, time and again wiped out the first wave of Detroit defenders; Starr, with this battering ground game working so well, went to the air less often than usual. The Lion secondary covered well against passes, but no part of the Detroit defense could contain the Packer running.

The Packers kicked a field goal in the first period and added a touchdown in the second when Jim Taylor drove over from the one. It was 10-0 at the half and 17-3 after three periods. Early in the fourth quarter, after Detroit had made it 17-10, Moore scored on a tremendous 77-yard run that was typical of the brute force with which the Packers subdued the Lions.

There was nothing tricky about the play: it was a basic drive into the line and its success depended on hard blocking. Jerry Kramer, the big Packer right guard, drove Peters, Karras' replacement, well out of the way, opening a huge hole. (The Packers probed at Peters all afternoon, making his life miserable.) Ron Kramer, the huge tight end, slid down the line and wiped out Joe Schmidt. As Moore broke through the hole, Bob Skoronski, the tackle on the left side of the Packer line, cut across to knock down a Detroit defensive back coming over, and Moore was in the open field.

Twice he was hit hard on his long run. He ran right through the first attempted tackle. The second he spun out of, running backward for a few steps, then whirling with perfect balance to break clear. By then he had four more Packers to convey him to the goal line.

The Packers' victory drew them even with Detroit at one win and one loss apiece. "We needed this one and we got it," said Dan Currie. "We needed a lift. We haven't had the chance. Now we do."

Detroit, with a desire to put the Packers away, perhaps for the rest of the season, had failed. "We just couldn't get anything going," George Wilson said. "I think I've seen the Packers play better than they did today, but we never could get started. We were flat."

Back in Detroit, Alex Karras watched the game on television. It was a frustrating experience. He missed the Lions as much as they missed him. The next day, Monday, he would go down to the gym and play handball more furiously than ever.

END



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Mark Twain said that Bermuda was heaven with one drawback: you had to go through hell to get there. That was in 1877, and "hell" was the stormy ocean between New York and Bermuda, four days apart by steamer. His fellow shipmates took infallible seasick remedies, Old Salt Twain observed, and then stayed below decks in misery till the ship reached port.

Today one can still make the trip to Bermuda by ship, but one also can go by air and get airsick, and in much less time. Thus there are twice as many travel sicknesses available as in Twain's day. There are other improvements in Bermuda itself. Big hotels, pink and modern and American-planned, have sprung up. Bermudians are permitted to own low-horsepower autos (not more than one to a family), and open taxis with-a-fringe-on-top will take you from one end of the island to the other, 22 miles, for something like \$5. The tourist is not allowed to rent a car, but he may rent a motorbike and enjoy the fun and challenge of the British-style system of left-hand driving (bandage and splint material is available in Apothecaries' Hall, Heyl's Corner, Hamilton). Otherwise, and happily, Bermuda is little changed

Its speed leaves an angler limp, its cunning makes you want to jump overboard. No wonder the man who first boated one cried out in glee ...



from the paradisaical island described by Mark Twain. The surrounding waters remain a balm to the eyesight; just off shore, the water is a pale greenish brown, almost the color of ginger ale, then it gets greener and darker as it gets deeper, and out over the depths it turns suddenly to a vivid electric blue, a blue so different that it bears its own name: Bermuda blue. And the pink sand remains, and the quaint buildings, and the bobbies ("We always refer to ourselves as policemen," one of them explains patiently, "but the Americans insist on calling us bobbies"), and the deep-water harbors, and the bright, waxy flowers, all of them making up a scene almost as colorful as they seem when viewed on a travel poster in a snowstorm.

But to the right-thinking American, to the well-bred citizen with a proper sense of values—in other words, to the fisherman—all these attractions are as nothing. He will give you the old buildings along Front Street in Hamilton, all the palm gardens and hibiscus borders and a 99-year lease on every shipwreck on the reefs, and in return he asks only for a crack at a fish with a silly name and dazzling speed and high IQ: the thinking man's fish, the wahoo.

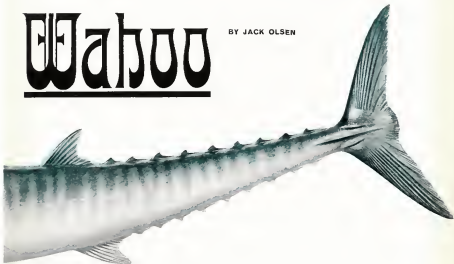
Drawing by Jack Kirtz

The wahoo is found in nearly all warmwater oceans, but it is as fond of Bermuda as any elderly matron from Park Avenue or Chestnut Hill. Probably this is because Bermuda is set in the middle of a vast stretch of water, which is just where the wahoo wants to be. The wahoo is pelagic, like the marlin and the tuna, and this means it needs spaces. A wahoo in a lake, or even in a bay, would be as unthinkable as a cheetah in a closet. It is a hunter in the sense that an eagle is a hunter, using highly developed senses to spot the quarry and then chasing it down inexorably and swiftly (up to 40 mph, or twice the Bermuda speed limit for autos).

Observing the habits of these deepwater wolverines decades ago, early fishermen decided that they were oversize barracudas and hung on them the name ocean barracudas. But there is nothing that simple about the wahoo. Not even the scientists can agree on matters like: Who is the wahoo? What is he? Look at him down there, sprawled across two pages, five times smaller than life. Those little finlets running from the tail forward mark the wahoo as a member of the Scombridae family, which includes fish-with-finlets like the tuna and the mackerel. But when you study *continued*

Wahoo

BY JACK OLSEN



the wahoo more closely, you discover certain internal similarities to big billfish like the marlin and the swordfish, and the wahoo's upper jaw looks suspiciously like the vestigial remnant of a bill or a beak. So is it a finlet fish or a billfish? Ichthyologists argued for years and finally decided to put the wahoo in a class by itself, *Acanthocybidae*, and they reckon that it is a link between the Scombridae and the billfish. There the scientific matter rests. Uncasily.

The layman has not been able to settle much about the wahoo, either. For decades the poor fish did not even have a name, except locally. It was called ono off Hawaii, ocean barracuda or kingfish (mistakenly) in U.S. waters, queenfish in the Caribbean, springer off Brazil, peto off Cuba and, in the waters of its greatest profusion, pride of Bermuda. Then one day an excitable fellow hooked into one and watched 300 yards of line peel off his reel in a matter of seconds. "Wahoo!" the excitable fellow cried, and the name stuck. (The wahoo has a close relative in the Fiji Islands: a heavier fish called the walu. Some argue that "wahoo" is merely a corruption of "walu," but with men who know the wahoo best it's the first story two to one.)

Like most warmwater oceanic fish, the wahoo comes in five or six decorator colors, depending on its mood of the moment. Sometimes it is dark, almost black, sometimes a sort of bluish steel color shading into a greenish yellow. Sometimes it runs to silver, with blue-gray bars along its sides. The bars are more or less prominent, according to how excited the wahoo is, and they fade away almost completely when the fish is boated. The belly is silver, and the entire body is coated with a patina of silvery bronze, almost as if each fish were Aerosol-sprayed with the glittery stuff before presenting itself to the hook. The gloss rubs off easily, and a few minutes after the wahoo is caught it becomes just another fish named Joe, with all its gaudy colors gone.

Not that you will get many opportunities to see the wahoo in such dishabille. The average fisherman loses out to the average wahoo more than half the time, and the more wahoo there are around, the lower the percentage that will be caught, until you reach the ultimate, mathematically speaking: in the thickest of wahoo schools, about one strike in 20 will result in a boated fish. The other 19 will get away, most of them with terminal tackle trailing gaily from their mouths. Except for the dolphin, there is no fish to rival the wahoo in its ability to guide itself to a bait. And there are few fish with the wahoo's bite once it gets there. The wahoo's teeth are triangular, close-set, joined at the base to form a sort of semicircular saw blade. This is why no other fish gets off so easily and so often, and why there is more than one expensive big-game fishing rig gathering rust in the deeps around Bermuda where some fisherman flung it in disgust after the 10th wahoo in a row hit and got off. What has occurred is called the cutaway, and when you say "cutaway" to a wahoo fisherman, smile.

The cutaway occurs when you have a wahoo on and another wahoo sees your line swirling through the water in a trail of bubbles set up by the fast-running fish and the bait

and the swivels and the hook. The second wahoo comes full tilt at the bubble line, maybe thinking it is a school of baitfish, or maybe just for kicks, and chomps down on your line, neatly slicing it at the height of your fun. One second you're screaming "wahoo!" in the fighting chair, and the next second you're holding a dead fishing rod. The more wahoo there are, the more likely this is to happen. Ergo, the wahoo fisherman is the only angler who is leery of schools. The cost in terminal tackle and patience can be too stiff.

But the wahoo has endearing characteristics as well. Its opening run is unexcelled, pound for pound, by any other fish in the ocean. And the fisherman is absolutely powerless to stop it without snapping the line. It is standard for wahoo to run 250 yards after taking the bait, and it is not unknown for them to go twice that far and strip a reel clean. More than once a fisherman has gone to the beer cooler and returned seconds later to find his reel empty. S. L. (Pete) Perinchief, who represents Bermuda in international fishing tournaments and has the glazed eyes of the fully addicted wahoo fisherman, says: "That opening run is so fast that it mesmerizes even experienced fishermen. I've seen them get a strike and not take the rod out of the holder. They sit there popeyed, watching the reel and listening to it scream, and you have to shout at them three or four times before they'll pick up the rod. Then they forget everything they know. They tighten down on the drag sometimes, and that's an absolute guarantee that the fish'll break off. Or they'll thumb the reel instinctively. I did it myself on one of my first wahoos. You could smell burnt flesh."

No one, regardless of his degree of expertise, is exempt from losing his head when a wahoo hits, and this includes the renowned Edward C. Migdalski, ichthyologist at the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale and one of the ranking authorities on both fish and fishing. Migdalski was jugging a handline off Bermuda when "a big wahoo hit the feather hard on the run and kept going," he wrote later. "I was quite excited and held onto the line until I felt something like a hot scalding iron run through my fingers. . . . I wore greased bandages the rest of the trip." Pete Perinchief recalls still another skilled angler who leaned the rod against the stern rail while he lighted a cigar. A wahoo hit, the rod tip jerked down, the rail acted as a fulcrum, and the butt end, \$200 reel and all, went soaring. "The last we saw of that rig," says Perinchief, "it was traveling south south-west and making beautiful parabolas through the air."

All of this is not so much because of the heft of the wahoo—the world record is 149 pounds, and the average fish is 30 to 40 pounds—but because of its extraordinary speed. The black marlin is ordinarily credited with top speed of all the ocean fishes but, in fact, nobody knows exactly how fast any fish is. Louis Mowbray, curator of the Bermuda Government Aquarium and a renowned na-

continued



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turalist, will argue with anyone that the wahoo is the fastest of all. Says the soft-spoken Mowbray, "You just can't tell about things like this. When you observe a fish, how can you tell if he's going flat out or just idling along? And how can you clock him?" Mowbray's feeling that the wahoo is the speediest is based on observations going back to his earliest wahoo. He caught it in 1935, and it was the first ever taken in Bermuda waters. "There was no ocean game-fishing in those days, and nobody knew what was out there or how to catch it," Mowbray says. "We went out in the aquarium boat and we were trolling two flat lines [flat lines are trolled from the stern, in contrast to lines trolled from outriggers]. I was steering and looking astern at the same time, and I saw a fish break about 30 yards off the port quarter. I hollered to my companion, 'Look at that one!' and then I noticed my reel was running like hell. It was the same fish. He had come so fast that at first I didn't associate the sighting with the strike. They were practically simultaneous, and yet there was at least 30 yards between the bait and the point where I first spotted him. Since then I've seen this sort of thing happen hundreds of times."

Apparently the wahoo spots the bait from a distance and gets up a full head of steam before hitting it. Although not normally a jumper, the wahoo goes so fast that it will sometimes soar 10 to 15 feet straight up merely from the momentum of its run. Explains Mowbray: "This happens when they've been swimming 50 or 100 feet below the surface. They have incredible eyesight, and when they see that bait dragging overhead they'll come right straight up and out of the water. Now, if that isn't enough to shake you, they will sometimes miss the first bait, arc through the air and come right down on top of the other bait. Don't ask me how they're able to do this in mid-air, but they do it. And I'm not talking about an isolated experience. It happens quite frequently."

For years scientists like Mowbray resisted the temptation to explain the various characteristics of the wahoo in terms of intelligence. Too often in the study of wildlife, creatures have been credited with intelligence for acts that were purely instinctive. But in recent years Mowbray has swung to the conclusion that the wahoo is intelligent, that the fish learns by experience and that a good many of the wahoo in the sea have learned to associate a fishhook with evil and therefore have learned to avoid it. Says Mowbray: "There are days when you'll get a dozen strikes from wahoo without hooking one. They'll cut the bait just behind the hook every bloody time. If you put your hook up in the head of the bait, they'll cut the fish off without touching the hook. You can imbed the hook midway down in the belly of the bait and they'll cut it cleanly just behind the point where the hook sticks out. And if you get mad and you put the hook even farther aft and you say they cannot beat me there, they'll come up and just snip the tail off."

The fact that many a wahoo seems to avoid metal of any kind has been confirmed time and again by people like Austin Talbot, who plays guitar and harmonica at night as a

member of the Bermuda band, The Talbot Brothers, and fishes every day commercially. Talbot puts live bait over the side of his boat and then watches through a glass-bottomed bucket to see what happens. Wahoo will actually stand off and study the situation. Slowly they will swim around the bait, and finally they will snip the line in one chop of their jaws. Then they will collect the bait and swim away.

"Often I'll be still-fishing in 20 fathoms with monofilament line," says Louis Mowbray, "and a wahoo'll come along and I'll have an anchovy on and he'll cut that line just above the bait. So I'll put on a short wire leader, maybe five or six inches, because I know that he won't go near anything longer than that. So now he'll swim up, put on the brakes, and take a good look at that leader, and I swear you can practically see him thumb his nose at it. Throw a free bait over the side and he'll grab it in a second. Take off the leader and give him monofilament line again and he'll swim up and cut the line. Put the leader back on and he laughs at you."

Experiences like these have led Mowbray to the conclusion that the wahoo is a sort of quiz kid among fishes. "Somehow he knows that shiny pieces of metal are to be avoided. There is a theory that so many wahoo get hooked and then get off on cutaways that they have learned to associate the hook with trouble. This hardly seems possible when you consider how many wahoo there must be in the sea. Yet I've had their intelligence demonstrated so many times to me that I have come to the same conclusion. They must associate that hook with something unpleasant."

There are, of course, wahoo that grab the bait, get firmly hooked and wind up in the kitchen (where, incidentally, their firm white flesh can be prepared with reasonable palatability). But more common is the wahoo that will hit the baitfish snack in the middle, feel the wire leader inside and drop the bait immediately. A Bermuda fishing captain tells of another ornery habit: "Sometimes a wahoo will grab the bait broadside and take off with it a mile a minute. He isn't hooked, mind you, but he's got those jaws clamped down firmly on the bait. So the fisherman endures a couple of those long runs, finally brings the wahoo alongside with his last ounce of strength, and what happens? The wahoo opens his mouth, lets go of the bait and swims off. Oh, I've heard some pretty fancy language at times like that!" The wahoo has also been known to run with the wire leader, holding it like a stubborn terror until pumped back near the boat. Captain David Martin of the *Weswind*, a Bermuda charter boat, tells of wahoo that come right up to the back of the boat, take a smack at a trolled foot-long metal spoon, bend it an half like a piece of tinfoil and run off without getting hooked.

But if the fisherman does sink the hook into the wahoo, and if the fisherman is patient while the wahoo runs off two or three football fields of line, and if the fisherman does not



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allow the wahoo to have any slack line with which to gain leverage and throw the hook or snap the line, then the wahoo becomes most accommodating. It swims toward the boat, following along in the one- or two-knot wake and sometimes even running up ahead, thus forcing the fisherman to balance his way along the side of the cabin and play the fish from the bow. By the time a wahoo does all this, it has had it, and often it will be dead before coming over the transom on the gaff. "He puts his whole life into those long runs," says Captain Roy Taylor of the *Wally III*, a man who has caught more wahoo than any other Bermuda skipper. "He dies right afterward. You can see those bars on his side fade before your eyes when you get him into the boat. Some wahoo stiffen up right away, and you can practically stand them on their tails."

The sworn enemy of the fisherman bringing in an exhausted wahoo is the shark—usually, in Bermuda waters, the dusky shark. According to Pete Perinchief, the shark also learns by experience and has long since found out that the quickest way to get an easy dinner is to hang around fishing boats. "You'll see them circling while you're playing a wahoo," Perinchief says. "Then the fish'll sound, and the shark'll stay right there. He seems to know that eventually that meal is going to be brought to him." This problem, so reminiscent of Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, is all the more annoying to the Bermuda fisherman because of the unquestioned presence of so many world-record wahoo on the fishing banks. A single bite by a shark disqualifies a catch for record consideration (the theory being that the shark injures the wahoo and makes it too easy to catch). The tail end of a Bermuda fight with a wahoo sometimes becomes a race to drag the wahoo on before a shark can get it, and all too often the fisherman, himself wearied by the wahoo's long runs, cannot pump hard enough to keep the shark from severing the wahoo just behind the gill covers.

Different captains have different methods of defense. Roy Taylor sometimes uses a .45 revolver, but the shark must be very close to the surface or the water lessens the bullet's impact. Captain Russell Young of the *Sea Wolfe* has been conducting a lifelong campaign against sharks and hates them with a purple passion. When sharks appear while a customer has a wahoo on, Young throws over a big hook baited with fish and tied to a 250-pound-test headline. He hauls in a shark, slashes its stomach and returns it to the sea with a choice phrase like, "Take that back to your friends, you bloody-minded creature!" While the other sharks are busy dining on their confrere, Captain Young's customer reels in his wahoo unmolested.

Pete Perinchief has still another technique for the sharks. "We put out a 12/0 hook with a six-foot heavy wire leader and very heavy line," he explains, "and we hook a shark by hand. Then we tie a gallon jug to the line and throw the whole thing overboard. Now the shark is gonna submerge, and the pressure from that bottle's gonna bother him, the same as a rod and reel would do. So he comes to the surface and tosses the bottle around. Now he's got

less pressure, but that bottle's still worrying him; so down he goes again. All this takes a long time, and the other sharks will stay right with him, and as soon as he tires they hit him, and that takes more time. Meanwhile, we're catching wahoo."

The alltime record shark story (Bermuda division) belongs, however, to Roy Taylor, who is the sort of fishing skipper who collects both fish and experiences in equal proportions. Taylor, who doubles as an artist and shop owner in St. George, Bermuda, worked in his youth as an assistant under Louis Mowbray's father at the government aquarium, and so takes a keener eye to sea than most fishermen. One day he was trolling for wahoo when he spotted what looked like a small whale. He cut the engines and, cruising alongside, discovered that he had come across the largest fish of all: the whale shark.

Now, the whale shark is lazy, a plankton eater, an utterly harmless sluggard that attracts all kinds of sea life to its side and functions like a planned community development. "This one had suckerfish attached to him," says Taylor, "and algae flowing from him, and sea anemones attached to his back, and even a few loggerhead turtles swimming around him. He had a huge, square mouth and big white blotches all over him, and he was covered with scars and marks. I'd say he was 36 or 37 feet long and weighed maybe 20 tons. We watched him for a while, and then he spotted the boat, and he came swimming over lazily—they do everything slowly, or else they wouldn't have all those friends around them—and he tried to rub some sea anemones off his back against the bottom of the boat. I tried to harpoon him. I had a 16-foot lance with a rather dull iron, and it just broke off on his skin. He embarrassed me. He didn't even budge. He could at least have shaken his head a little." After a while Taylor and the whale shark got bored with each other and went their separate ways.

A or a span of 10 years Roy Taylor's boat entered more wahoo and tuna in the annual Bermuda Fishing Tournament than any other. On one noteworthy day in 1956 Taylor took out W.P. Langworthy of Philadelphia, Leo Martin of New York and Perinchief. Langworthy caught a 25¼-pound blackfin tuna, then a world's record for 30-pound-test line (also an All-Tackle record). Perinchief took a 46¼-pound Allison tuna, at the time a world record for 12-pound-test line, and Martin landed a 78½-pound wahoo, biggest taken that year by any Bermuda visitors. At one time or another Taylor's boat has held half a dozen world records.

Taylor fishes with such skill that his clients are lined up for months in advance, and one of them, a shipping magnate, makes an annual round trip from Hong Kong for the sole purpose of catching wahoo. Gradually Taylor is restricting his clientele and turning his attention more toward his landward pursuits, and thus the new champion wahoo skipper

continued



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Wahoo

continued

of Bermuda has become Russell Young, a sturdy, stubby man with short hair, a brush moustache and the outward appearance of a retired sergeant major of rifles. A voyage on Young's *Sea Wolfe* is an epiphany whether you catch wahoo or not. The first oddity you notice is that you cannot understand a word spoken by the crewman, a jolly Bermudian named Allan (Sandow) Whitecross. He speaks in what might be termed a "crown colony accent," a cacophony of all sorts of accents, including Tidewater Virginia (Bermuda was first colonized by the Virginia Company), Jamaican, Australian, Cockney, Oxford and a touch of candied yams and sowbelly. But after a while you begin to catch on to him, and when he shouts to Captain Young, "Boat comin' bahond os day-uh," you know that another boat is moving up astern.

By now you discover that Captain Young speaks a fascinating brand of English himself—a mellow pipe smoker's blend of the Queen's English and certain early Anglo-Saxonisms with which, it is to be fervently hoped, the queen is totally unfamiliar. When the *Sea Wolfe* leaves the harbor of Cambridge Beaches for the wahoo banks, she leaves behind a white wake of water and a blue wake of air. "I am making up for the days I have women on board," Young explains. He whistles and sings all day long, and tends his bairts like a doctor looking after a rich patient. He jigs the teasers himself, and more often than not he assigns Whitecross to steer the boat while he takes over the bairting chores. Soon one finds out the reason for all this frenzied ungling activity: there is a case of cold beer aboard, and both Young and his crew are fond of the beverage, but it is their inviolable rule that no member of the *Sea Wolfe's* establishment may have a beer until the customer catches a fish. So one sympathizes with Whitecross when he leans over the side of the boat, gives it several sharp smacks and shouts into the deeps, "Aw! rot, let's go, dee *Sea Wolfe* is hee-ah! Open fo' business! Let's go!"

A few minutes later when a wahoo hits the port outrigger, chops the bait in half and gets off, Whitecross says:

continued

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Wahoo continued

"Dat was just a hors d'oeuvre for 'im." Soon a fish is boated, and the long drought is over.

Now the boat steers into a patch of shearwaters, ocean birds making their annual migration from the islands around the equator up to the Grand Banks, where they will spend the summer. "Look at them lying out there," says Young. "They have to fly a thousand miles over the open ocean. They get absolutely exhausted, and they come down to rest. Sometimes we find them dead of starvation." A flying fish rides down the wind in that peculiar slanting motion that makes his kind look like miniature helicopters. No sooner does the flying fish hit the water than it is out again on another flight. "Look at that!" Young shouts. "There's a bloody wahoo after him." The flying fish hits the water again and there is a swirl, but the panicked fish gets off on a third sortie. This time it is short, a swirl and a flash of dorsal as its funeral rites. Another flying fish spurts out, and a greater shearwater, roused out of lethargy by the sight of a free meal on the wing, gives chase and takes a midair peek at the morsel. "Does that seem fair?" observes Russell Young. "He gets it in the water from the wahoo, and he gets it in the air from the shearwater!" This particular flying fish winds up getting it in the water.

There are other sights, other sounds, before the day is over. A school of flying squid comes by like a purple cloud, then falls back into a cauldron of blackfin tuna on their feed. Off on the horizon a humpback whale, all 40 feet of him, hurtles out of the water and flops back in a tremendous splash: a dump truck trying to do the minuet. And now and then a yellow-bellied tropical bird converts itself into a rock and comes hurtling down from its vantage point 200 feet in the air to grab a fish dinner. "They never miss," explains Young. "When you see one of those longtails go down for a fish, it's a sure thing." Now evening is coming, and Young threads the boat delicately back through the reefs, picking his way from marker to marker, while Whitecross perches at the bow, looking for rocks. Nothing untoward

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Wahoo

is going to happen, because Russell Young is a Bermuda captain, and he can smell a reef a mile off. In his skulls and his attitude toward life, Young is a throwback to the storied Bermuda fisherman who interrupted the visiting preacher's sermon about St. Paul. "We don't want to hear about Paul," the elderly fisherman said. "He run his ship ashore atween cross seas, Paul warn't no criterion." Bermuda captains like Russell Young are the criteria. As long as they are around, let the wahoo beware.

TRAVEL FACTS

GETTING THERE: If you too want to catch a wahoo, there are daily jets from New York to Bermuda by PanAm and Eastern (first-class round trip \$162, economy \$120). BOAC has a \$95 jet-prop special leaving Idlewild on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at 9 p.m., arriving 11:40. Every Saturday afternoon at 3 the Furness Bermuda Line sails from New York, arriving in Bermuda at 9 a.m. Monday. Cabins are all first-class, with bath, and range from \$160 to \$600 per person.

FISHING THERE: There are 11 deep-sea charter boats in Bermuda, all fully equipped with tackle, fighting chairs, outriggers, ship-to-shore telephones and modern lifesaving apparatus. Rates are \$75 a day and include tackle and bait. A half day costs \$50, but successful wahoo fishing usually requires at least a day's effort. As a general rule reservations are not needed, but it would be wise to reserve the services of the top guides: Captain Russell Young, Ferry Point, Somers, and Captain Roy Taylor, St. George's. The Bermuda Fishing Information Bureau, 50 Front Street, Hamilton, has details of charter boats and where they are located.

STAYING THERE: There are more than 60 hotels, guest houses and cottage colonies to choose from. The Carlton Beach Hotel (400 guests, double room with breakfast and dinner \$17-\$25 each) is the most luxurious. It is located on the south shore, which has the best swimming beaches, and there is a pool, too. Castle Harbour Hotel has room for 500 at about the same rates, and an 18-hole golf course. Cambridge Beaches is a cottage colony with room for 98 (double room, American plan, \$19-\$26 each). Rates go down a little after October 31. Most of the hotels are of the opinion that the wahoo, like the whale, is not a table fish. If the chef looks askance at your catch, try Bermuda crayfish, as succulent as Maine lobster.



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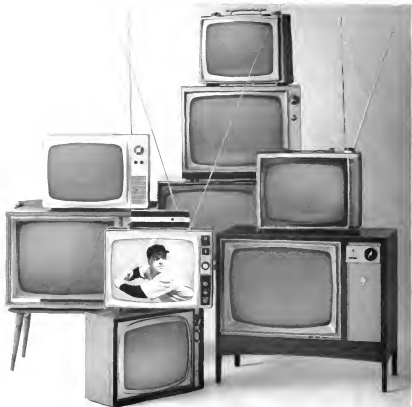
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THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BREKIDAL—"We won the pennant in 1968 with Dan and we're going to do it again," said Pressburgh General Manager Ben Brown after rehiring **DANNY MUKELALCHI**, 45, to manage the eight-man Pirates in 1969. In the minor leagues, only Walter Alton of the Dodgers and Al Lopez of the White Sox have lasted longer with their present clubs than Mukelalchi, who replaced Bobby Borge midway through the 1957 season.

OKLAHOMA CITY, the top Houston Colt farm team, won the opening game from Spokane (Dodgers), dropped the next three and then came back with three straight victories to take the Pacific Coast League playoffs.

First baseman **Jerry Gammon** batted in three runs as **COLUMBIA** (Nash) beat Seattle 11-1 in win the American Amateur Baseball championship in Butte Creek, Wash.

BOSTON—The International One-Design Class world championship in Larchmont, N.Y. was won by **CORNELIUS (GRH) SHIELDS JR.**, a 29-year-old investment banker who has served as the president of the American's Cup Yacht Society. Shields ended his 33-boat third win in victory on the first day and then added a first, 6th, third and two tie wins with the 1967 defending Champion Fred O'Brien, a shipping executive from Oslo, Norway, by 4 1/2 points for the title.

HAWAII—**JACK RHONDOLLY** and **DOV ELLIS** of Houston won the Hawking Proprietors' Association of America doubles championship in Rose, Idaho, by 15 points over Lake Brown and Renee Brown.

BOXING—"Why, it ended so early I never had time to feel or think of anything at all," said Japan's **HIROYUKI BHIKARA**, 41, after knocking out World Flyweight titleholder Peter Knappich of Thailand in 7:07 of the first round of their scheduled 15-round championship fight in Tokyo. Before 12,000 swarmed fans, the two-year-old Bhihara scored his 40th win and 24th KO against one loss and one draw to become the third best Japanese and third Japanese to win the World Flyweight title.

Heavyweight **EDDIE MACHEEN**, 31, making his first appearance in the ring since suffering a spinal breakdown last year, knocked out Cliff Williams of Miami in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round fight in Kansas Missouri. Calif. Macheen's future plans to fight Cesar Cielo as soon as possible and then try to fight again in 1969 Macheen lasted 12 rounds with Sonny, the only fighter to go nine for against the heavyweight champion.

In a ninth 16-round fight in Miami Beach **GREGGIO PI RALTA**, 26, the heavyweight champion of Argentina, made a lopsided debut in this country by winning a unanimous decision over World Light Heavyweight titleholder Mike Pascana.

In San Diego Forest Light Heavyweight Titleholder **ARCHIE MOORE** lost a decision, 100-80, to a fourth 16th (in a fight of six) in a City Council election.

FOOTBALL—NFL. Remembering their championship from the GREEN BAY PACKERS held Dear to 31 yards rushing and 74 passing while limiting the mighty Lion defense apart to gain their first victory. 31-10 over the 31-10 CINCINNATI led first place in the Western Division by beating Minnesota 38-7 as Bill Wade completed 22 of 31 passes for 246 yards and three touchdowns the also ran for only four the Bears' second straight win. BALTIMORE defeated San Francisco 20-14, giving new Coach Don Shula his first victory. The winner often still had company in last place, however, as the Los Angeles Rams lost to WASHINGTON 37-14. CLEVELAND, paced by Jimmy Brown's 222 yards rushing (including two TDs of 71 and 62 yards), crushed Dallas 41-34 to remain on top for the lead in the Eastern Division with ST. LOUIS, which kept them locked to defeat Philadelphia 28-14, on Charley Johnson's third straight-down run late in the game. With Y. A. Tittle unable to play (thruout week), New York couldn't move against the strong PITTSBURGH defense and was shut out 31-0.

AFL—In what may turn out to be the biggest upset of the season, NEW YORK smashed Houston, the three-time Eastern Division champion, 24-17, on ex-Colt Fullback Mark Knebel's rushing touchdowns in the fourth quarter. It was victory No. 1 for the Jets under ex-Colt Coach Weeb Ewbank. Oakland's surprising two-game winning streak ended 20-14 as BOSTON piled up all its points in three periods before allowing the Raiders to score. League champion Kansas City scratched in a 27-27 tie with wildcat Buffalo when, with 46 seconds left, Len Dawson tossed a touchdown pass to Chris Renner and followed that with another pass to him for a two-point conversion. Dawson, overall, completed 23 of 38 passes for 342 yards and three touchdowns.

GOLF—After nearly nine years of postponement, MICKELTY WRIGHT, 28, of Dallas became the first woman pro golfer to win 11 major tournaments in one year when she won the \$31,000 Volvo Golf Country Club open with a three-under-par 69. Wright's win also had the tournament record of 50 strokes, set in 14 years of play by Louise Suggs.

U.S. Ryder Cup player **DAVE RAGAN JR.**, 28, of Orlando, Fla., found the Scottish weather to his liking and shot a 15-under-par 271 to win the \$22,400 Dalmeny (Scotland) cup by two strokes over Peter Allen, a member of the British Ryder Cup team. **GEORGE KNUGSON**, 26, of Toronto, made a 46-foot chip shot for an eagle to win the \$30,000 Portland Open on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Mason Rudolph of Leigh Acres, Fla. The vic-

tor was worth \$4,300 as Knuagson, who had not won a major tournament since 1961.

HARVEY HADLEY—Mrs. Leonard A. Ruff's OVERTRUCK, with John Patterson at the helm, won the 143-24 Little Brown July 1968-1969 400 yd. Master's Delaware County Fairgrounds in straight heats. He paid the first mile in 1:37, the fastest competitive mile on a half-mile track in the 157-year recorded history of the sport, and the second in 1:37 1/2. In a mirror race at Delaware County's largest half-mile track, AVBBS, driven by John Scorsone, trailed the mile in 2:00 1/2, the fastest time ever by a 2-year-old horse.

Billy Haugstuen drove DUKE RODNEY (25:58) in a mile triumph over Fox Mac Ltd. on the \$20,000 Gallop-out Trail at Yorkers, but the 16,250 second-place purse needed \$5,000 to buy the horse. Earnings to \$107,409—\$152,792 more than any other Standardbred in history.

HOCKEY—After 12 seasons with the Montreal Canadiens, left wing **DICKIE MOORE**, 32, who won the NHL's top scorer in 1951 and 1956 (all-time high of 66 points) is hanging up his skates for good because of recurrent knee ailments.

HONOR HADLEY—Mrs. Marion Francis' SUPERS (31:33 1/2), with Audine Grogan in the reins, beat previously undefeated Black Mountain to the wire by a head and won the \$148,960urity Stakes at Aqueduct.

Earlier at Aqueduct another long shot, John Gassner's OLE ROYALTY (25:24.20), won the 1968 Yeara aboard, scored her first victory of the year on her 13th attempt, beating Beverly Lash Clay to the wire by a nose to win the \$36,050 Ladies Stakes.

HOTSPOTS—FRED LORENZEN, 28, driving a 1962 Ford, won the \$17,700 Old Dominion 500 line-mold truck car race in Martinsville, Va. and collected \$3,000 to boot. His earnings on the NASCAR circuit in a season are \$104,382.

TENNIS—At the Pacific Southwest tournament in Los Angeles **ARTHUR ASH**, 20, defeated National Champion Rafael Osuna 6-0, 6-4, in the semifinals and then held on to his lead, unseated Wayne Reed 2-6, 9-7, 6-3 for the men's title. **DARLYNE HARD** won the women's division by beating respected Margaret Smith in the 5th set 6-4, 6-0. In Wimbledon runner-up Billie Jean Moffie in the final 5-7, 6-3.

MILPET—DIED LUT. Colonel **CHARLES KENNETH HOWARD-BURR**, 60, who led the first expedition to Mount Everest in 1921, died at home in Mulligan, Ireland. His group reached a height of 23,000 feet and paved the way for the successful 29,000-foot climb of Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay 12 years later.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

23, 25—Wayne Wilson, 29—drawings by James Foster, 26—drawings by James Foster, 27—drawings by James Foster, 28—drawings by James Foster, 29—drawings by James Foster, 30—drawings by James Foster, 31—drawings by James Foster, 32—drawings by James Foster, 33—drawings by James Foster, 34—drawings by James Foster, 35—drawings by James Foster, 36—drawings by James Foster, 37—drawings by James Foster, 38—drawings by James Foster, 39—drawings by James Foster, 40—drawings by James Foster, 41—drawings by James Foster, 42—drawings by James Foster, 43—drawings by James Foster, 44—drawings by James Foster, 45—drawings by James Foster, 46—drawings by James Foster, 47—drawings by James Foster, 48—drawings by James Foster, 49—drawings by James Foster, 50—drawings by James Foster, 51—drawings by James Foster, 52—drawings by James Foster, 53—drawings by James Foster, 54—drawings by James Foster, 55—drawings by James Foster, 56—drawings by James Foster, 57—drawings by James Foster, 58—drawings by James 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TOO MUCH, TOO LONG

Sirs:

Hooray for William Leggett and his fine article (*A Success In Killing the American League*, Sept. 9). Something has to be done to revive interest that once was present in the American League. Baseball has a dragged-out schedule in relation to other popular sports in America. Too much of one thing can destroy interest. On in and day out, there is baseball for six months. Why can't the schedules be cut much shorter? Games can be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, as well as Sunday afternoons. Thus, interest would mount on the off days. The season should start at the beginning of May since April is too cold in the North. It should end the second week of September because football comes on the scene at this time. Four and one half months of baseball would revise the schedule to around 90 games, including a few doubleheaders. An average of only 10,000 fans per game would bring the total close to a million. Better teams should draw much more.

Just for the record, I was one of the 83,000 plus who attended the football doubleheader in Cleveland on August 17th. It could possibly be the same for baseball. I rest my case.

RON O. LORENZO

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:

What's wrong?

1) Too many games—four per week would probably draw as many customers, and players would be in better physical condition.

2) Season starts too early. Late April seems soon enough.

3) The only things that are uniform are the ball and the distance between the pitcher's mound and bases.

4) Home teams with short foul lines should play under a penalty, i.e., Yankees with 296 feet, Orioles with 309. Others in American League parks are longer.

I believe the teams that play one half of their games with short foul lines should be penalized; therefore, like strokes on the first tee, New York versus Baltimore, 296 versus 309—13 points. Measure again, say 50 feet from the foul line—x versus x equals? Thus, baseball teams could be rated on their home field. Percentages might reach one run each x innings.

What would professional football amount to if one team played on an 80-yard field and another on a 110-yard field?

If these various measurements were fed into a computer they might produce a fair equalization point.

F. BOWIE SMITH

Baltimore

BOX OFFICE BO

Sirs:

Re your article on Bo Belinsky (ScoreCARD, Aug. 26), don't you have your words mixed up and it's the Angels who are insufferable and not Bo?

In three different minor league parks Bo drew 37,794. At the same time, in three different major league parks the Bo-less Angels drew 22,209.

C. A. LEIGHTON

Seattle

● Last week, with Bo on the mound, the Angels played one game for 476 paying customers.—ED.

FROM BIG V

Sirs:

The article by Virginia Kraft entitled *Biggest, Loudest Show in U.S. Sport* (Sept. 9) is a very fine picture of the Grand American Taphouse.

Vandalia, however, can hardly be considered a "sleepy midwestern town tucked beneath the wing of nearby Dayton." Between the 1950 and 1960 census our population increased 600%, and today is estimated at 7,500.

I always read and enjoy *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but feel that I must endeavor to correct the impression of our city given in your article.

BEN G. ARMSTRONG
Mayor

Vandalia, Ohio

PROS AND CONS

Sirs:

The pro football coverage (Sept. 9) was great. Being an American Football League fan, I think the caliber of football has become top.

The next step is for the AFL to get better officiating.

Twice in Balboa Stadium, once last season and in the Buffalo game September 8, the Chargers have drawn ridiculous penalties that have all but given their opponents a score. In both instances, 15-yard penalties were called for infractions of the rules during play. Then two successive penalties were handed out to the unhappy Chargers for complaining about the first one, giving the opponents 45 yards and putting them in scoring position.

Fans go to watch football games, not grandstanding referees.

MIKE FULTON

San Diego

Sirs:

I have been an interested reader since your beginning, but I do question the extent of your interest in the AFL lately. You

certainly have never given this much space to minor league baseball.

May we have some emphasis on the "other league" soon.

JACK A. PARSON

Wahpeton, N. Dak.

BOOTS AND SHOVELS

Sirs:

As a part-time cattleman, I am curious about the boots worn by the couple on page 82 of your last issue (*Clean Country Sheep*, Sept. 9). They appear to be rubber-soled, and since my weekends are spent frequently with a shovel in a cattle pen I would be interested in knowing where to buy some.

DUANE E. ZAMZOW

Fresno, Calif.

● Part rubber and part canvas, the boots were originally made for English horsemen to wear at early-morning workouts on dewy Newmarket Heath. They can be obtained at Miller's (riding goods), New York City, \$20.—ED.

INDIANS ON THE WARPATH

Sirs:

In *FOR THE RECORD* (Sept. 16), you stated that the Atlanta club won the Southern Division championship of the International League.

It is a fact that, with a 3½-game lead and only seven left to play, Atlanta did seem to have the division title sewed up. However, this was not the case. On the last day of the season the Indianapolis Indians tied the Crackers and then proceeded to beat Atlanta 1-0 in the playoff for the division title. The Indians went on to defeat Syracuse 4 games to 1 for the league pennant and beat Atlanta 4 games to 1 in the Governor's Cup. In three years Indianapolis has had two different major league affiliations, two different AAA leagues, three different managers and three pennants.

WILLIAM J. SHORE JR.

Brookville, Ind.

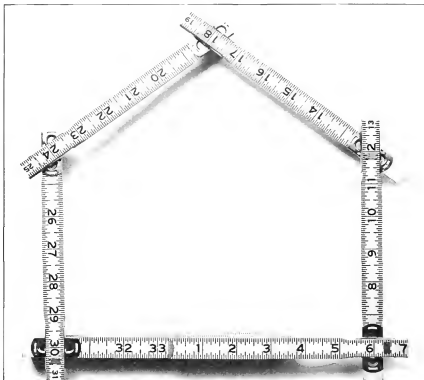
THE SILENT SALMON

Sirs:

Earlier this summer your magazine published an article ("Goodbye to All That," SCORECARD, July 15) derogatory to the salmon fishing in Sebago Lake, Maine. This reply was delayed for a considerable period of time due to the efforts we have made in attempting to find justification for your article.

To begin with, the Maine Fish and Game Department employed the Wisconsin Research Foundation to investigate the possibilities of Maine fish becoming infected with DDT and resultant DDE. This was intelligent since every other state in the country

continued



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TRUTH HOLE *continued*

was finding fish, birds and other wildlife infected. If Maine was to be forewarned, and investigation is the only way to accomplish this. On May 17, 1963 the lab report was received in the capital, Augusta, Me. This report showed that 10 salmon contained an excessive amount of DDT. Your entire sensational, derogatory and prejudicial report was based on these 10 fish, out of the millions of other perfectly normal salmon in Sebago Lake.

After looking for possible inlets of DDT to this famous lake, "the home of the landlocked salmon," and conferring with biologists and others, Commissioner Speers ordered a thorough investigation to determine the sources of all DDT spraying on and around Sebago Lake and what effects this spraying might have had on the Sebago Lake fish. In the face of premature conclusions, I refer you to the commissioner's release of August 21, 1963, which says in part: "The Fishery Department is reluctant to assign causes for ... problem situations until enough scientific evidence exists to base good reasoning on."

In the last several weeks our association has taken pains to determine if the fishing has in fact fallen off seriously in Sebago Lake. This was done so that this letter would not be written if your report was correct. However, salmon of both high quality and quantity have been and are being regularly caught in Sebago Lake. Within the last few days, schools of trout up to 5,000 in number have been seen in the water by both observers and fishermen, who are catching them in quantity. The usual assortment of large bass, whitefish and other sport fish usual to the lake have been steadily caught all summer. Maine is now and has been in far better condition than most of the remainder of the country, and we can only suggest that if your magazine is trying to help with the pesticide problem warranted and justifiable attacks be made in parts of the country where they are most needed.

ALBERT E. GUY

Sebago Lake, Me.

LOOK MA

Sirs,

I am 14 years old, and I have a problem. My mother and I have been arguing for quite some time about which is the American pastime—football or baseball. More people go to football games than baseball games, and that's why I think football is the No. 1 sport pastime. Which of us is right?

DON FULLER

Urbana, Ill.

● Neither. By attracting some 150 million spectators yearly, basketball beats both football and baseball.—ED.

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YESTERDAY

A Big Day for Old Man Mose

Lefty Grove was 41 and at the end of his long career when he won his 300th game

by MAURY ALLEN

The year 1941 was a memorable one for baseball. Ted Williams batted .406. Joe DiMaggio hit safely in 56 straight games. The Brooklyn Dodgers won their first pennant in 21 years. And Robert Moses (Lefty) Grove became the 12th man in baseball history to win 300 major league games.

Grove, a temperamental left-hander with a crackling fast ball, had been an outstanding pitcher since 1925 with the Philadelphia Athletics and then the Boston Red Sox. In eight seasons he won 20 or more games (seven of them in a row), and in 1931 had 31 victories and only four defeats.

But in 1941 Lefty Grove was 41 years old, and his hard fast ball was only a memory. The year before, his record had dwindled to a mediocre 7-6. When the 1941 season started, he needed seven wins to reach 300.

"My fast ball wasn't so quick any more but it was still pretty good," Grove said recently. "I was throwing a good curve—never heard of a slider—and a fork ball. The main thing I had was control. I could still put the ball pretty much where I wanted it."

Grove picked up six victories by mid-season. On July 11 he pitched a strong game but was beaten 2-0. He tried again for his 300th win a week later and went 10 innings against the Chicago White Sox before losing 4-3.

"My arm still wasn't strong but I was determined to get that 300, even if I

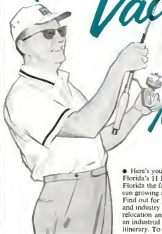
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Old Man Mose *continued*

had to do it right-handed," said Grove.

On July 25 he started a game against the Cleveland Indians at Fenway Park. "I knew I would get it sooner or later," said Grove, "but I wanted it badly that day in Boston."

The day was clear, with temperatures in the low 70s at game time. Cleveland scored once off Grove in the second inning and three more times in the third. It looked as if he would have to wait for another day to get his 300th win.

Then Boston came back with two runs in the fourth inning, and in the fifth the Red Sox left fielder, 22-year-old Ted Williams, hit a home run with a man on to tie the score at 4-4. "As soon as that young fellow put on a uniform we knew he would be a hitter," said Grove.

Runs galore

In the top of the seventh inning Cleveland hit Grove hard for two runs and the Indians led 6-4. But Williams singled and Third Baseman Jim Tabor homered in the bottom half of the inning and the score was tied again. Two walks, a triple and another home run by Tabor in the eighth finally put Grove and the Red Sox ahead 10-6.

When Grove walked wearily to the mound in the ninth inning, the 16,000 people in the stands all stood up and cheered. Grove quickly got the first two outs. With every pitch to Lou Boudreau, the third batter, the crowd roared. Boudreau ended the suspense by hitting a short fly to center field, which Dom DiMaggio caught on the run.

Lefty Grove had given up 12 hits and six runs but he had won his 300th major league game. "This is the thrill of a lifetime," said Grove after being rushed by police through a mob of screaming fans to the dressing room. "I'm going to send the ball to Cooperstown."

Someone asked Grove if, at 41, he would now retire with his 300 wins. "Quit now? They'll have to cut the uniform off me. I'm going out for another 300. They couldn't be any harder to get than the first 300," replied Grove.

Lefty's prophecy, however, was more hopeful than realistic. He started seven more times that season but never won another game. On September 28 he pitched an inning in relief and gave up four hits. It was the last time he appeared on the mound. That winter he retired from baseball, letting his record stand at an even 300 wins.

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